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HONCHO

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RAWHIDE

The moment Len woke up, alone in his bed, he realized that he'd slept late, but well. His fucked-out body, nude between the rumpled, semen-stained sheets and lightly beaded with droplets of sweat, felt utterly relaxed. At first, as he lay there quietly, not waiting to summon the energy to get up just yet, he assumed that the slight soreness in his asshole was his only souvenir of the wild sex he'd enjoyed the night before. But then as he rolled over onto his belly and slid his arm under the pillow, his fingers brushed against something long and thin and flexible. He pulled it out from under the pillow and, squinting, held it up to the morning light. It was a strip of rawhide thong about two feet long.

He smiled as he inspected it casually, draping it across his bare chest and rubbing two fingers along its length. The leather was permeated with sweat and lubricant and felt slightly greasy. Len raised it to his nostrils and inhaled deeply, savoring the pungent sex smell that lingered in the rawhide.

Last night alone in his apartment he'd gotten restless, and after a while he'd decided to check out his favorite gay bar. He told himself he'd have only one drink—two at the most—and then leave. But it was a leather-and-Levi's bar, and there had been some really hot, rough-looking numbers there last night. Furthermore, Len had run into some of his buddies—including one or two former *fuck* buddies—and he'd had so much fun bullshitting with them, flirting with them, and exchanging sexual gossip about mutual acquaintances that he'd lost track of time.

Finally, around midnight, feeling just a

BY ROLAND GRAEME
PHOTOS BY MALEXPRESS

bit light-headed because he had gotten out of the habit of drinking so much, Len paid his tab and left, with the intention of heading directly home. But on the way home he got sidetracked.

He was standing on a corner near the entrance to the subway, drunkenly waiting for the light to change, when a guy pulled up beside him in a battered car. He rolled his window part way down and stared brazenly at Len for a few seconds before asking for directions, which Len gave as clearly as he could manage in his befuddled state.

"Thanks, man," said the driver. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he looked into Len's eyes and added, in a low, sexy voice, "Hey, I'm really just sort of cruising around, if you know what I mean. Do you think I'll find any action around here? I saw you leave that bar down the street, and I was going to park the car and check it out, but then I decided to follow *you*."

Drunk as he was, by instinct Len took a moment to check the guy out before replying. He didn't look like a weirdo, and he certainly didn't look or talk like an undercover cop trying to entrap a gay guy, although you could never be too careful about that sort of thing in the city. He was at least thirty, maybe even ten years older than that, but if so, he was exceptionally well-preserved. His skin-tight, worn and frayed blue jeans were tucked into a pair of scuffed work boots, and up-top he wore a zippered black-leather bomber jacket over a maroon thermal T-shirt. All in all it was quite a hot blue-collar package, and the wedding ring prominently displayed on the hand resting on the steering wheel was in no way a turn-off for Len. The only questionable thing about the guy's appearance was the rawhide thong doubled up and tightly knotted around his throat, just under his prominent Adam's-apple. The cord was tied *so* tightly that it indented his flesh, and Len wondered how the hell the guy could breathe.

Correctly interpreting Len's hesitation as a sign of tentative interest, the guy grinned at the well-built young number and waited for Len to make the next move.

"I don't know," Len said, stalling for more time. "What kind of action were you looking for, anyway?"

"Man-to-man action. I like to fuck, suck—the works. You look like you're built like a brick shit-house, and like you've got a big piece of meat, too," the driver said bluntly, taking his hand off the steering wheel and dropping it into his lap to fondle his own erection through his tight jeans as he spoke. He stared at Len's crotch as he gave himself an urgent squeeze through the worn denim, and Len's dick twitched in empathetic response. Len noticed that the

guy could use a shave, and that one of his front teeth was chipped. And oddly enough, these imperfections added to the allure. "I'd sure like to suck you off," the guy gasped, still staring lustfully at Len's crotch and playing with himself through his pants. "You want to go for a ride? We can park some place and do it, and then I'll give you a lift home."

"I only live about ten blocks from here. We can go to my place and do it right," Len blurted out. "Naked, in bed."

"Fantastic! Let's go!"

Len got into the car, and the driver boldly took his hand and rubbed it roughly over his bulge as he drove. "Fuck, I've been aching to get my nuts off all day long!" he said hoarsely as Len took the initiative in groping the guy's bloated crotch. The prick felt huge, and Len could hardly wait to get him home and into bed.

"What's your name?" Len asked, after he'd given the guy directions to his apartment building.

"Giacomo." He laughed and added, "That's a hell of a name, isn't it? But I don't like to be called Jack. I'm Italian-American. When I first started fooling around with other guys—you know, picking them up in bars and on the street like this—I used to give them a phony name because I was scared shitless they'd find out my last name, where I live, where I work. I'm married, see, but half the time my wife won't give me pussy when I'm horny. Now I don't give a shit. I figure most of the guys I meet like this think 'Giacomo' has to be a made-up name, anyway."

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"I don't know," Len said, stalling for more time. "What kind of action were you looking for, anyway?" "Man-to-man action. I like to fuck, suck—the works. You look like you're built like a brick shit-house, and like you've got a big piece of meat, too," the driver said bluntly.

"I'm Len. I'm gay and I live alone, so I don't give a fuck who knows I like men."

"Christ, you're lucky. Giacomo was a saint, you know. I ain't no fucking saint. I love to fuck and suck. If I had it all to do over again, I'd say to hell with getting married. I'd just come out and have a lover."

Len showed Giacomo where to park, then led him upstairs and unlocked his three locks, which included a deadbolt, and let him inside his small apartment.

"You want a cold beer? I'm afraid that's all I've got to offer you. I wasn't really planning to pick anybody up tonight."

"Beer sounds great. It's all I ever drink. Say, you're not sorry you *did* pick somebody up, are you, Len?"

Len smiled as he went to the refrigerator. "No. I haven't been with anybody for a while, so I'm as horny as you are. Make yourself comfortable."

"You mean, get naked? That's exactly what I plan on doing, my friend. You got the right attitude."

Leering at Len, Giacomo took off his jacket and his thermal undershirt, then sat down in a chair and pulled off his heavy work boots, grunting with satisfaction as he freed his big feet from their confines. When he stood up and started unzipping his jeans, he noted with undisguised amusement that Len was watching his every move with eager eyes. Giacomo turned his back to the younger man; he wanted to tease him just a bit as he stripped.

He squirmed out of his jeans very slowly. He wasn't wearing underpants, and his buttocks were broad but very muscular, and covered with a pelt of fine black hair. Bending over to step out of the jeans, he gave Len a full, prolonged view of the crack of his ass. Then he stood up, naked except for his heavy wool socks, and turned around, holding his cock and balls in one hand as he raised the can of beer to his lips with the other.

"I guess I'm sort of an exhibitionist," he admitted cheerfully after a couple of thirsty gulps. "I like to pose like this in front of the guys I trick with. You seem to be pleased enough. You like my dick?" he asked lewdly. "Is it big enough to turn you on?"

Len sucked in his breath. He estimated that Giacomo's cock was about nine inches long. It was beautifully shaped, and hanging below the huge cock were two equally huge balls. Len took a sip of beer and watched, fascinated, as Giacomo turned up his can and nearly emptied it, his throat straining against the tight rawhide thong knotted around his neck.

"You're hung big, man," Len finally managed.

"Then what are you waiting for? Get down on it, if you want to. Suck it."

Len got down on his knees on the kitchen floor and went to work on Giacomo's cock. The hot Italian groaned with pleasure, spread his legs wide apart, and drained the last of his beer as he watched the young stud blow him. Len's red lips encircled the base of the older man's thick shaft and slurped expertly back and forth around the steely column of flesh as his tongue licked it from every possible angle. He forced his throat to relax and accept the broad head, and he sucked even harder, applying a steady suction from deep in his lungs. He grasped Giacomo's hairy buttocks to steady the man as he started rocking back and forth on the balls of his stockinged feet, fucking Len's face, setting the tempo for the sucking.

"Suck it, baby," Giacomo muttered. "Eat my fucking Italian salami. Oh, you're good," he moaned, reaching down to run his fingers through Len's disheveled hair. "You're *too* damn good! I'm going to come too soon if you keep that up. Don't make me come yet. I want to suck yours, too. And I want you to get naked, kid. Do you take it up the ass?"

Mid-suck, Len grunted in the affirmative.

"Jesus, I can't believe it. You look so butch. I don't like silly faggots and screaming queens. You're all man, buddy. Come on, show me where the bedroom is. Let's get into bed and I'll show you a really good time. I like to do just about everything two guys can do to each other!"

Len relinquished Giacomo's fantastic cock long enough to stand up and get undressed. His own prick, almost painfully hard, stuck straight out in front of his groin. He showed Giacomo where his bedroom was, then went into the bathroom to grab a tube of K-Y.

"We're going to have to use this if we fuck," he warned. "I don't think I'll be able to take you all the way up my ass otherwise. You're hung like a goddamn horse!"

Giacomo was already in bed, with the light on, fondling his naked prick, using Len's saliva to lubricate the swollen fuck tool as he masturbated himself lightly to keep it fully hard. "Yeah," he sighed, "I think my fucking wife is afraid of it. She always complains about her sore snatch after I screw her."

"I'm not afraid of it. And I don't care if I'm sore tomorrow morning. I *want* it. I want you to *fuck* me, man!"

"Come here, then. Now!"

Giacomo took Len in his arms and they kissed hungrily, their tongues dueling first inside one guy's mouth, then the other's, their chests pressed together, their cocks rubbing against each other.

"I wanta suck you for a while," Giacomo gasped, when they finally broke the kiss. "Don't even touch mine. I'm afraid it'll pop if you do. And I don't want to rush this."

He pushed Len's body off him with easy strength, then twisted himself around and buried his face in the young stud's groin. Then, grasping Len's cockshaft by its base, he squeezed it hard and lapped saliva all over the head with his tongue, tickling Len's piss slit. After teasing Len for several minutes, finally Giacomo fed the prick between his lips, inch by inch, until he had it all the way down his throat and was sucking it as eagerly and expertly as Len had sucked Giacomo's cock in the kitchen.

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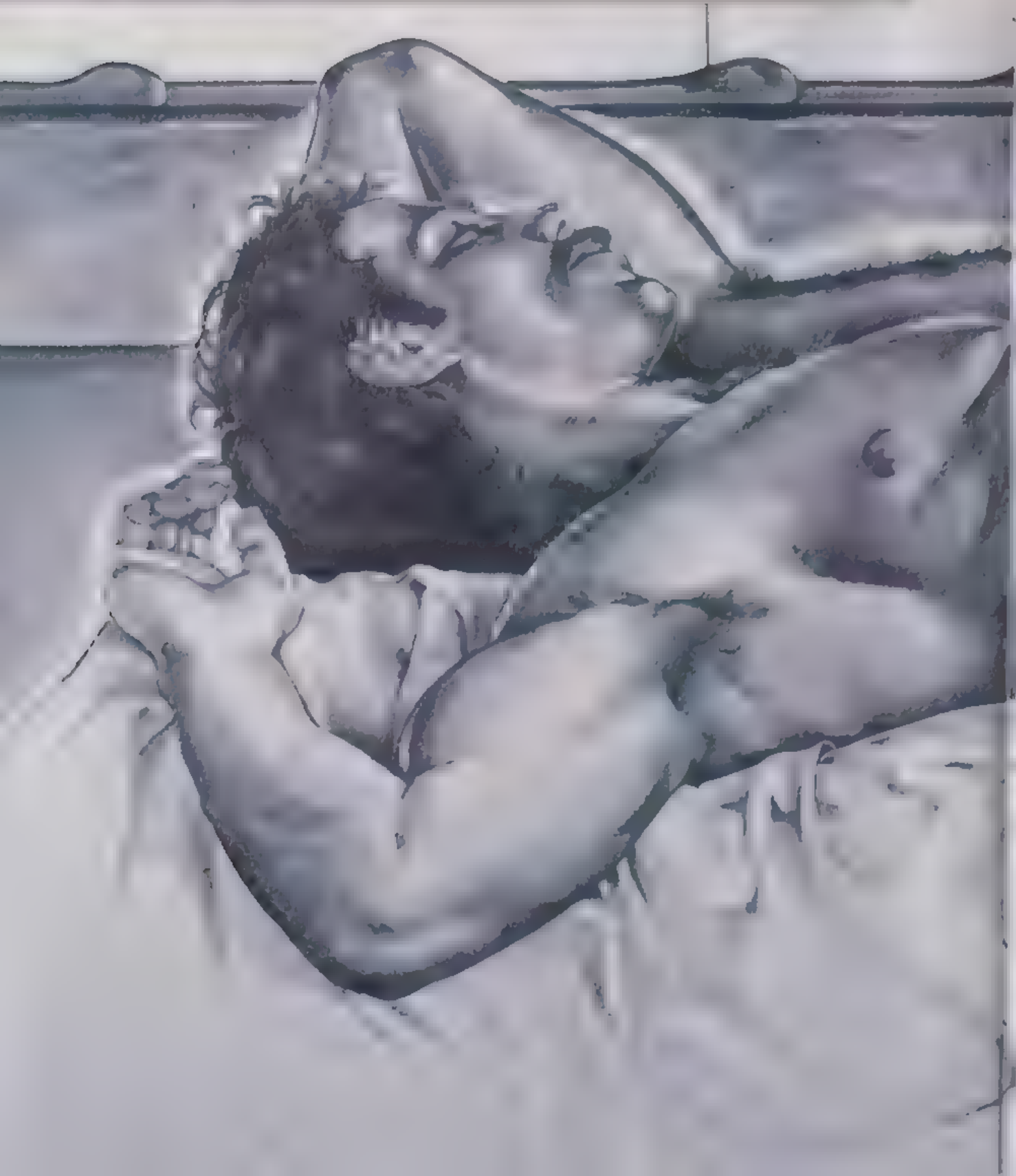
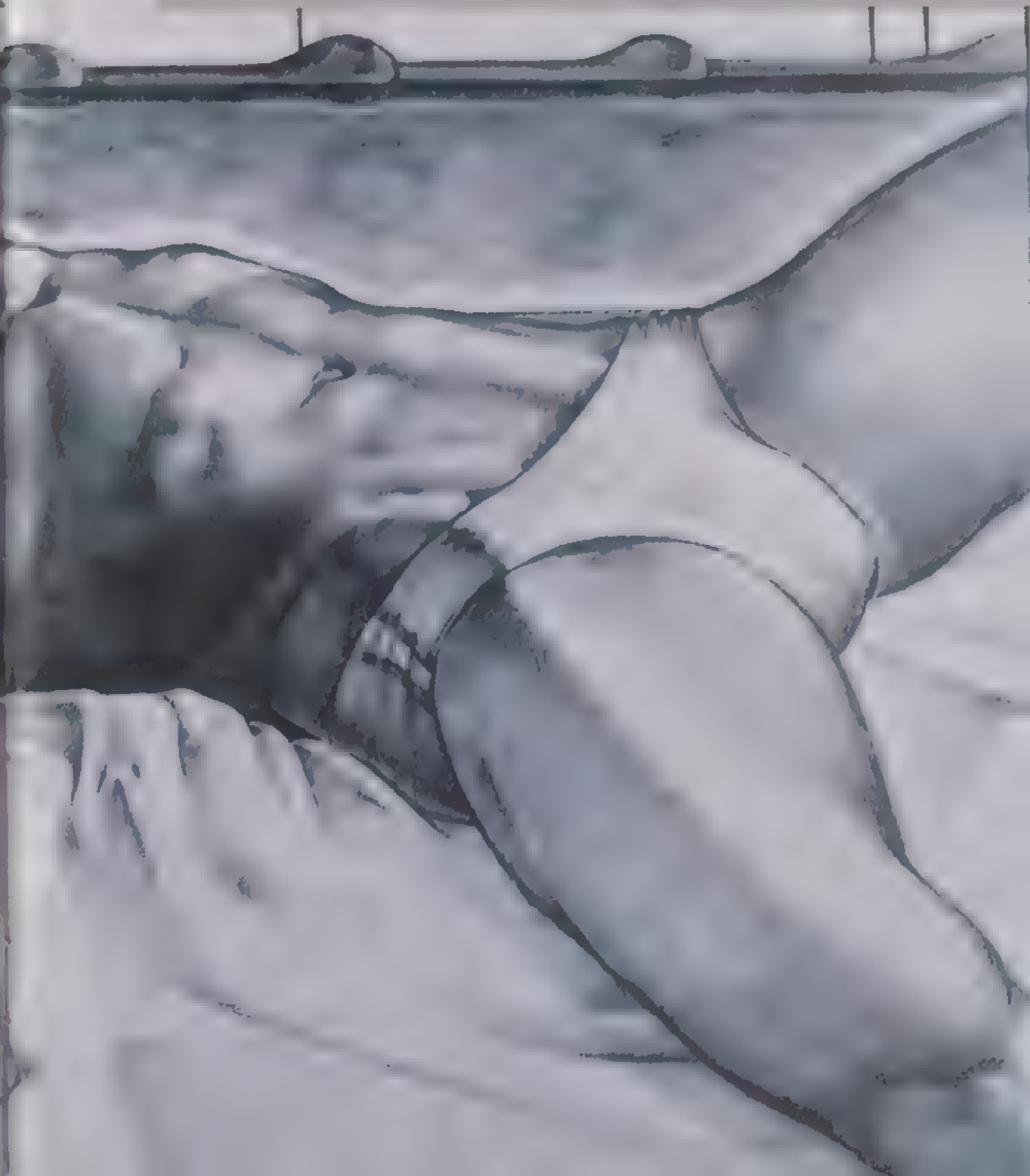
READY, WILLING, AND ABANDONED

STORY AND ILLUSTRATION
BY RICHARD A. WHITE



Why couldn't we just keep fucking...like we used to...without all this emotional stickiness...without having to handle that goddamn word *love*? I wasn't even certain that I loved Greg. Oh, sure, I loved looking at him, loved touching him, loved smelling his sweet body on my silk sheets, loved feeling myself inside him, loved the way he slept within the curve of my body. But love *him*? Love his person? Did I feel that?

I didn't know. Didn't want to know. And now, on top of my doubts, I had heaped heavy gobs of guilt. Because I wasn't willing...or able...to return the



love in which he had engulfed me. Guilt...a handy little emotion, a neat way to avoid feeling joyous over someone's loving me, a comfortable way to avoid loving him back. And, worst of all, a sly way to accomplish all that avoidance and still think of myself as a good person. After all, only a *good* person feels guilty about not loving someone, right?

What a pile of shit!

I remember the first time I saw his body. He was lying on the rooftop across the street from my building. It was July, and the afternoon sun had baked him a chestnut brown. His sandy hair was streaked gold, his few chest hairs and the hair on his legs bleached almost pure white. His tiny bathing suit barely covered his fat cock and low-hung balls. He had the most perfectly formed young body I'd ever seen—not the product of a gym but a solid, naturally muscular, finely proportioned physique. He was smallish for his age and had a fresh, boyish look about him. But I was to learn that his finely tuned mind was that of a man far older than his years. At twenty-eight, he looked twenty-one; when he spoke he seemed fifty, so firm was his grasp of the world around him. He was supremely but quietly confident, yet open and available to the world, always listening for something new, alert to anything he'd not yet learned.

I was not to know of that mind until later. For the time being, I was transfixed by the beauty of his body as he dozed away the afternoon, seldom stirring, his skin oiled and gleaming, his high cheekbones, delicate nose, high brow, and thick blossoming of ringlets around his skull fighting, and occasionally winning, the battle to draw my gaze from his marvelous torso...and legs...and arms.

Finally, *I* won a battle and managed to pull myself away from staring at him and scoot to my studio. I pulled out my camera and tripod, attached a telephoto lens, and clicked almost a full roll of him.

Then he stood and began to pour water over his body from a bottle, and then to towel himself dry. His ministrations held me fascinated. I recorded it all. He was so concentrated on what he was doing, so rapt, so precise in every movement. Such a simple task as drying himself took on, in my eyes, the air of a sacred rite. When he turned in my direction and glanced up at the sun, I saw that his eyes were...gray? green? They seemed to change colors as I watched. I was one floor above him, and from across the narrow street that separated our buildings I could see every finely wrought detail of him. I was behind sheer drapes, my lens peeking between. I was invisible to him. He was indelible to me.

Once we'd known each other for several weeks, I showed him my photographs of him. He was flattered, and he was startled by the *number* of shots I had taken. He didn't see himself as beautiful. He considered himself too short and too lean, and he hated his curly hair. He preferred the straight, dark hair on my thinning scalp. I was two inches taller than him—"and two inches longer too"—he'd say, smiling at me in bed. There were times I didn't even need to have sex with him. I was content just to look at him lying naked beside me, to hold him, to kiss his neck. Sometimes, he would shudder when I slid my lips down his body, cherishing every furrow, every curve, every muscle. He was so responsive to my touch, so gentle, sweet, appreciative and respectful of the attention.

Greg modeled for me so many times. He even let me put him on the cover of one of the glossy gay magazines. He wasn't worried about jeopardizing his career, he said, not expanding. I often wondered exactly what he did, but he was vague about that. "Just boring Wall Street stuff," he'd say. "Computers. I work by myself, so it gets kind of lonely."

He was much more fascinated by my photography. He felt all he did was make a buck but that I was in the "divine" position of being a "creator." To me there is nothing mystical about lighting and capturing beauty as exquisite as Greg's. He photographs taller than he is, broader, due somewhat to the camera angles I choose. But the beauty is still his; I only captured and enhanced it. He always insisted that he didn't look that good "...except through your lens, Love." That word. He used it often in regard to me...sometimes less casually. My response, my private, hidden, internal response, was never casual. It pricked at me, made me uneasy. Yet now...knowing I wouldn't be hearing it again...

No! I was too old for that shit! Lovers were for my thirties. Career was for my forties. I didn't *want* another lover. I was content with the way things were

Greg lived across the street. He was handy, but not around all the time. And yet from the beginning, something told me he was always waiting for me to call and invite him over. He never asked to come, even when he called *me*. He'd wait for my invitation. I'm certain he sensed my need for solitude—to work, to read, to think, to be apart from him to gather myself. His sensitivity seemed miraculous at times. I often felt that he was psychic. He seemed to know my thoughts even before I did. *How did a computer-trained Wall Streeter get to be so goddamned perceptive?* Yes, it actually annoyed me for some reason. As an artist I thought *I* should be the emotionally, spiritually astute one. But, although it seemed that I was transparent to him, he remained opaque to me. Maybe I didn't want to know his thoughts, his deepest thoughts and feelings. Maybe I was afraid to know just how much he loved me.

My drapes were drawn, my lights dimmed. I peered through the sheers at Greg moving about in his apartment. He was alone. He was at his computer terminal. Working. Naked. Did he know I was watching? It was late September, an incipient chill in the air. Yet he was naked, and his window was open, and he knew I could see him. Did he know I couldn't take my eyes off him? He'd been working for hours. Why was I *not*? Why was I sitting there hot and inert and staring at someone I had decided to cool it with? And why did I need to cool it? After all, I barely knew him. It had only been three months. We'd had dinner a few times, sex a few times, a few chats, light, never serious. And yet he'd use *that word* sometimes. Casually. And it would prick me. And I'd avoid him for a few days. Avoid being with him. I never managed to avoid looking at him, from across the way. And somehow he was always there for me to look at.

Work. I've got to get some work done.

When we were together, my work was the safest topic for me. And as the days went by, Greg's comments became more considered, more detailed, and franker. He was a marvelous, supportive, but not uncandid critic. But whenever I showed him photographs of himself, he would get uneasy. "That's *you* in those pictures, not me," he'd say. "Without your coaching, I'd never look into anyone's eyes the way I looked into yours in that shot. That's *your* expression, your *art*. It's supposed to reflect you, and it does. You've sup-

CONTINUED TO PAGE 37

CALL OF THE WILD

by Kristen

CALL OF
THE

Len got down on his knees on the kitchen floor and started to work on Giacomo's cock. The hot Italian groaned with pleasure, spread his legs wide apart, and drained the last of his beer as he watched the young stud blow him.

RAWHIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

The lusty Italian snorted like a horny bull, then cleared his throat and stuffed the younger guy's meat down his throat until his lips were pressed hard against Len's crotch hairs. Giacomo groped blindly until his fingers found Len's stiff nipples. He pinched and twisted them hard as he pumped up and down on the young stud's shaft, making Len gasp and writhe, his cock jerking wildly within the firm grip of Giacomo's lips and tongue and throat.

Half-way through the blow-job, Giacomo took one hand away from Len's pec, slipped it inside his own mouth alongside Len's shaft, and wet it thoroughly with

saliva. When he pulled the finger back out of his mouth and pushed his hand down between Len's buttocks and the mattress Len had no trouble guessing what the guy wanted to do to him. He raised his butt off the bed and let Giacomo stick the saliva-lubed finger up his ass, all the while violently finger-fucking Len's asshole, until he was sure he had sucked every last drop of semen from the younger guy's prick.

And that did it! Len cried out, grabbed Giacomo's head in both hands, and shoved the cocksucking stud's mouth all the way down his dick. He heard Giacomo choke, and then both men groaned as Len's cock frothed with creamy jizm, blasting its full load down Giacomo's hatch The married man swallowed it greedily, all the while violently finger-fucking Len's asshole, until he was sure he had sucked every last drop of semen from the younger guy's prick

"Jesus, you sure gave me a lot," Giacomo panted, swiping at the cum on his chin. "Want me to screw you now?"

"Yeah, go ahead, do it. I'm ready!"

"Hold on." Giacomo quickly unfastened the knot in the rawhide thong around his neck, pulled it off, and wound the lace around his cock and balls. When he knotted it—very tightly—his dick sprang straight up so that the tip was almost pressing against his navel, and his balls swelled and strained to either side With all the blood now trapped inside, the huge fuck tool looked ready to explode

"This thing comes in handy It'll keep me from coming too soon," Giacomo explained "Get on your belly, Len."

Len stretched out on his stomach and spread his legs. He groaned with anticipation when he felt Giacomo's weight settling on top of him. The Italian smeared a palmful of the K-Y all over his bound erection, then pressed the tip between Len's buns and forced it against—and through—the tight pink rim.

"Oh, fuck me, man," Len pleaded, sensing Giacomo's slight hesitation as his asshole stretched around the blunt head and the leather cord rubbed against his sphincter ring. "I want it real bad. I don't care if it hurts. Fuck me, fuck me! Put your dick in my ass! All the way!"

"Okay, kid, you asked for it," Giacomo growled, then completed the insertion with a sudden thrust of his pelvis

Len's rectum spasmed as his guts were filled with nine inches of rock-solid cock "Fuck me!" he yelled "Ram that son of a bitch into me! Make me feel it, fucker! Make it hurt! Oh God! It's so big! It's making me so hot! So hot for your cock, man!"

Len got everything he asked for, and more. Lying there on his belly, his buttocks raised and jammed back against Giacomo's crotch, the guy's powerful, sweaty arms wrapped around his chest to hold him in place, Len was fucked almost into oblivion by that huge, rock-hard, and extremely potent prick. It felt like Giacomo was ripping out Len's insides as the horny man savagely, mercilessly rammed in and out of him, and it seemed to take forever for Giacomo to come—no doubt, the result of the rawhide binding on his cock and balls As a matter of fact, after at least half an hour, Giacomo finally had to reach down between their bodies and tear open the knot, and then at last he shot, flooding Len's guts with fuck cream, the Italian's hard belly repeatedly slapping Len's buns as he emptied himself

Coming had helped to sober Len up a little, and what he felt now was exhaustion as Giacomo slid his still-stiff prick out of him. But as they embraced and hugged and kissed, Len began to realize that his partner was not ready to quit To the contrary, he picked up the tube of K-Y, held it out to Len, and offered to return the favor by letting the younger man screw him

"I think I may be too drunk, too fucked out, to get it up again," Len confessed

Giacomo smiled "Bullshit Here, you just lie back and let me work on you. I'll coax that big dick of yours back into action "

Giacomo was as good as his word. He licked Len's balls, sucked them into his mouth, then released them and used his tongue to stimulate Len's cock, eventually sucking the limp organ into his mouth and applying a slow, steady suction that, soon enough, had Len roaring hard again When he was confident that Len wouldn't lose his erection, Giacomo pulled the rawhide thong off himself and tied it snugly around Len's dick and balls, then greased up Len's prick and straddled his hips. He screwed the fuck tool between his hairy buns, up through his sphincter, and all the way into his exceptionally tight ass.

It must've hurt Giacomo to take a guy as well hung as Len that way, and indeed he gritted his teeth and fought back moans of pain as he forced his rectum to accept the younger guy's hard-on. Obviously, Giacomo didn't get fucked by big cocks all that often, which was probably why he went wild with lust once it was safely planted all the way inside him! He rode Len with bestial relish, leaning forward and pressing the palms of his hands against Len's chest to keep himself braced while he flexed his powerful thighs and pumped Len's cockshaft in and out of himself

"Give it to me, man," Giacomo kept gasping, staring down into his fucker's face as he screwed himself "Oh, hell, give it to me! Give me every inch of that goddamn stud cock of yours, kid!"

"I'm going to come if you keep this up," Len warned, after about five minutes of wonderful torture "That fucking rope trick of yours may be keeping me hard, but it's not going to stop me from filling up your hot ass!"

"Go ahead and come!" Giacomo panted. "Come! Shoot your fucking load up my ass!"

Giacomo grabbed Len's swollen tits again, wrenching them so hard it felt like they were going to come off. The Italian's asshole was like a voracious mouth sucking Len's cock, draining it of its masculine charge. Len closed his eyes as his cock exploded inside the other man's body, the rawhide biting into his flesh and causing him pain even as it increased the force and pleasure of his climax Giacomo kept riding until Len's hard-on finally began to subside, then waited until it was completely soft before he lifted himself high enough for the limp prick to slip out of his sodden asshole. Giacomo slipped off the bed, came around to Len's side, and kissed him tenderly on the lips

"I've got to get my ass out of here, Len," he said reluctantly as he glanced at the alarm clock "My wife's going to give me all kinds of hell as it is "

"I'll let you out," Len mumbled, his head lolling on the pillows.

But he must've fallen asleep then and there, because the next thing he remembered, it was morning and he was waking up in bed alone. Giacomo was gone and so were his clothes. If it hadn't been for the soreness in his ass and the rawhide lace which Giacomo had left behind, Len might have thought the whole episode had only been an exceptionally vivid wet dream

Just thinking about it made him horny all over again He slipped the rawhide over his cock and balls and drew it tight, and his prick leaped and swelled to semi-erection He waited until he had gotten himself fully hard before tying the thong in a knot. Then he smeared some K-Y onto his palm wrapped his fist around his bound dick and began to masturbate Thinking about Giacomo, about how they'd taken turns fucking each other, brought Len very quickly to the verge of a climax, and within minutes his jizm was blasting free from the tip of his thundering cock

He was glad Giacomo had left behind the rawhide souvenir of their encounter the first of many . he hoped. . ■

GIVE ME SOME SKIN

BY JOSEPH PATTON ART BY MATT

Remember Paul Newman's bespectacled Hanson Brothers in the hit movie *Slapshot*? With the Virginia Lancers' real-life brother act of Serge and Robert Carriere carrying big sticks and cruising for a loose puck, it was Neanderthals on ice all over again.

The Atlantic Coast Hockey season was two minutes, six seconds old when Robert was whistled for a holding penalty and Serge dropped the gloves to go toe-to-toe with Carolina "bad boy" Brett Stone. Before the first period was over, Robert had squared off with Cole McAllister and Serge and Stone banged heads once again. Before the season was a month old, the rough-and-tumble brothers had been in the grasp of nearly every player in the league.

Rambo couldn't run these guys out of the rink!" Joe Biggs, the team publicist, told me in his office one day. "By the way, they've agreed to be interviewed." Rat-a-tat-tat! My pulse pounded as I pictured the French-Canadian brothers and me hang-

ing out in the Lancers' locker room—big, beefy, beautiful jocks bouncing around bare-assed in tight white straps. "They want you to drop by their apartment," he added with a grin

"At the beginning of the season, we fought more often," said Serge, twenty-three, sitting back in an armchair in their living room. He had on black jeans rolled at the cuffs and a faded plaid shirt with lots of rips and loose threads and only about half its buttons. Robert, twenty-two, was nowhere in sight. He'd gone out on an errand and would be back shortly

Handsome and imposing at six feet, Serge admitted, "It's sort of scary being new beef If you get respect after a fight, you win whether you win the fight or not." He laughed and added, "But it's better to win the fight too."

All at once the apartment door swung open and Robert barged in, wielding a bag of groceries that threatened to rip apart at any moment. Like his older brother, Robert was a good-looker, with grayish-blue eyes, thick black moustache, and short spiked hair in the *Miami Vice* mode His ancient shirt was faded beyond recognition, and his holey Levi's showed bits of bare flesh

"This is the guy from the magazine," Serge said, introducing me

"What magazine is that?" Robert asked, flashing a ready smile

When I told him the name of the gay mag I write for, Robert didn't bat an eye "Give me some skin," he said enthusiastically, extending his free hand. We exchanged a jock's handshake, and then Robert twisted around

"Haul ass!" he hollered

A younger—yes, another—Carriere appeared in the doorway lugging a case of Canadian beer. The lightest-haired of the three, he had a semi-punk look—Harley T-shirt, bleach-splotched jeans, and bright bandannas around his ankles

"That's Patrick, our little brother," Serge said.

I tried to train my gaze above the tempting bulge about to burst open Patrick's button-down fly—I could tell his religion, for Chrissakes!—but it was no use After a long moment of fighting for self-control, I looked evenly at him and nodded

His lower lip in a sexy pout, he lowered his eyes and walked by. "Hi," he said, trailing Robert into the kitchen

A few moments later, Robert swaggered in, brandishing three mint-green bottles of beer. He popped one into Serge's palm, thrust another at me, and plopped down on the other side of the sofa where I was sitting

"I heard you guys couldn't possibly live together," I taunted him. "Somebody said you'd be beating the hell out of each other if you did "

"No way," Robert declared. "When we played on different teams in the junior league, the fans always wanted us to fight each other, but we never did. We're brothers. Our father used to say, 'You should love your brother.' That's what I tell Serge, because I like it when brothers are really close."

"You've both got great physiques and you know how to brawl. Do you ever go out looking for a fight?"

"We go out to drink beer and check out butt," Serge laughed. "On the ice, we may look like guys looking for trouble, but we're really not We don't want to hurt anybody We just want them to know we're not gonna back down."

"Back down?" said Robert incredulously "Never "

"Tell you the truth," Serge went on "We've never got in a fight away from the rink. We have other releases "

Right then Patrick ambled in, sucking a beer. Robert jumped up and sprinted across the room before him "Jock check," he announced, reaching under Patrick's jeans and pulling the waistband of his jockstrap, letting it snap against his belly. "Go get yourself ready," he said, giving Patrick a smile and a soft punch in the stomach

Robert whipped around and waved an arm at me "Beer?" Before I could reply he gestured at Serge "Beer?" he repeated "Three beers coming up."

One beer led to another and before long the three of us were half crocked Feeling no pain, I made a heroic effort to finish up the interview. "I understand you guys quit the team in December "

Serge nodded. "We were afraid that if we stayed high, I mean here, we couldn't save any money for the summer. We didn't want to go back to Canada without any money. So we thought we'd go home and play hockey and look for summer jobs "

Robert interrupted. "Then we decided to move in together and bring Patrick down. The Lancers needed a stick boy, so we thought, 'Why not Patrick?' Any more questions?"

"No, that about wraps things up." I turned off the tape recorder and got to my feet, a little unsteady. "I can't thank you enough for the interview"—I took one last swig of Molson Golden—"and the beer "

Just at that moment, Patrick strolled in dressed to thrill in nothing but banged-up boots and dark glasses Serge and Robert looked cool· I guessed breezing around in the nude was nothing to them. Facing us, Patrick sat down on the shag carpet and leaned against the wall, his knees raised up in the air. His cock was soft, but even so, there must have been at least seven nches of it

All of a sudden, Robert reached out and plunged his hands into my pants pocket. He grasped my keys and tossed them to Serge. "You're not going anywhere," Robert said He smiled and asked, "How do you say? Friends don't let friends drive

Like his older brother, Robert was a good-looker, with grayish-blue eyes, thick black moustache, and short spiked hair in the *Miami Vice* mode. His ancient shirt was faded beyond recognition, and his holey Levi's showed bits of bare flesh. "This is the guy from the magazine."

drunk." He paused for just a second, and then changing his tone, he looked me square in the eye and said, "You were screwing Patrick with your eyes when he first came in." He tilted his head. "Why don't you use that slick reporter's tongue on Patrick's big dick? He's old enough."

"*Just*," said Serge. "He was eighteen yesterday."

Patrick was sorting through record albums, laid back as all get-out. He picked a record and put it on the stereo beside him, and the pulsating sounds of Frankie Goes to Hollywood ricocheted off the walls: "Relax, go to it, when you wanna get to it . . relax, go to it, dum-ta-dum, when you wanna cum . . " Patrick spread his legs and gave me a wide grin.

"Go ahead," Robert said quietly. "You want it, don't ya?" He lifted an eyebrow. "Go for it!"

Patrick's pecker was already leaking a long string of pearly pre-cum. I went over, got between his legs, and leaned into his lap. I winked at him and said, "Enjoy it, kid."

I wrapped my lips around his swelling cock and started sucking. He threw back his head and pushed his dickmeat further into my mouth, and it glided smoothly past my glottis and down my throat. I almost gagged from the size. When I looked up into his shiny glasses, reflected in the lenses I could see Robert stretched out on the sofa and Serge leaning forward in the armchair. Serge's long arm shot out and grabbed something off the floor.

"I heard from a fan today," Serge said, grinning.

"Oh, shit," Robert mumbled under his breath.

Serge laughed out loud and ripped open the envelope. "Listen to this: 'You're so handsome and have such an incredibly beautiful body. You're so intense when you play it's like your pants are about to split at the seams. Wish you were here lying across the bed with that big mouthwatering bulge jutting under your jockey shorts. I want to give a tongue-bath to every muscle of your body. I want to lick your cock, run my tongue over it, and suck it hard. I want to squeeze your balls in my hand and stick my fingers up your ass till you cream right in my mouth.'"

"Enough!" Robert cried.

Patrick spoke in French. "La langue! La langue!"

"Give him tongue!" Robert shouted.

Patrick lifted his hips and drove his man-sized cock even deeper down my throat. He breathed in quick spurts as he pounded his muscle against my tonsils. I slicked up the underside of his pole with spit, and he yelled, "Oui, oui! Yes, yesss! Suck-kukk!"

"There's more of this fuckin' shit!" Serge said, tearing apart two sheets of paper that were stuck together.

Robert groaned and ran his hands through his hair, tossed his head from one side to the other.

Serge continued reading: "'You'll be playing in Erie on the 31st. If you'll call, I'll be ready to lock you in my apartment and make love to you as long as you'll let me. I hope Robert can come too. I'd love to feel you fucking into me from behind while I'm sliding my lips up and back along the shaft of his thick dick.'"

Serge's voice trailed off, his hard-on about to lunge out of his jeans. He opened his fly, and in a flash his cock spiraled skyward. He unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it to the floor. Looking into Patrick's lenses, I had a perfect view of Serge's virile body. My eyes roamed from his big arms to his hairless chest to his zooming sexmeat. I tried to look away. Tried, but... *Shit!* When Patrick saw what I was doing, he flung his glasses away from his face.

"What are you staring at, faggot?" Serge snarled.

Just then Patrick wrapped his boots around my pants legs and started pumping his cock furiously in and out of my mouth. I looked up and saw his slate-gray eyes shooting sparks—and then suddenly something else was shooting too. A river of sperm splashed the roof of my mouth, and I sucked on his cockhead like a baby with a bottle.

After a while, I raised my head from Patrick's lap, his softening dick flopping out of my mouth. Both of us sat back against the wall, our mouths hanging open in disbelief. Serge, completely naked now, was sprawled in the armchair with his legs wide apart. Robert was sitting on the floor, bare from the waist down except for his white sweat socks. Both had their eyes trained on Patrick and me.

Patrick blew out his breath, dropped his hand onto my knee, and let it linger. Momentarily, he unzipped my fly, latched onto my boner, and kneaded it with his fist.

Serge fumbled with the fan letter, then groped for the phone on a nearby stand and dialed the number. Seconds later, he slammed the receiver down in disgust. "Disconnected." Then he returned his fiery gaze to me and barked, "What are *you* staring at, slime sucker?"

Before I knew what was up, Serge had bounded across the room and was dangling his meat in front of me. "Play with it," he ordered, and I instantly obeyed. "Yeah, attaboy. Play with it like you've been dying to since the minute you saw it."

I hefted his enormous, cum-filled balls in one hand and stroked his ten-incher with the other. It was the fattest piece I'd ever seen, and it was broader near the base than at the drooling head.

"Is that all you want to do with it?" Serge smirked.

"What do you think?" I cracked.

In a shake, Serge strong-armed me and tweaked my cheek. His huge hazel eyes burned into me as he said, "Who do you think you're talking to, huh? Lick me clean." He spun around and pushed his ass over my face. As soon as I'd given his sweaty hole a good going-over, he pushed me down on my back with my legs up in the air, yanked off my pants, and kicked them out of the way. Then, without giving me a second to prepare, he took aim and hurled his cockhead into my ass like a pro. I tensed, but he shoved his huge slab of meat right through my resistance, till his balls slapped my butt. He started a slow, rhythmic face-to-face fuck but quickly accelerated, pressing my knees against my chest and plunging his rigid pole in and out of my tight hole. Once or twice he shut his eyes and held his breath; I could tell he was a barely a millisecond away from coming.

But he was enjoying himself too much to

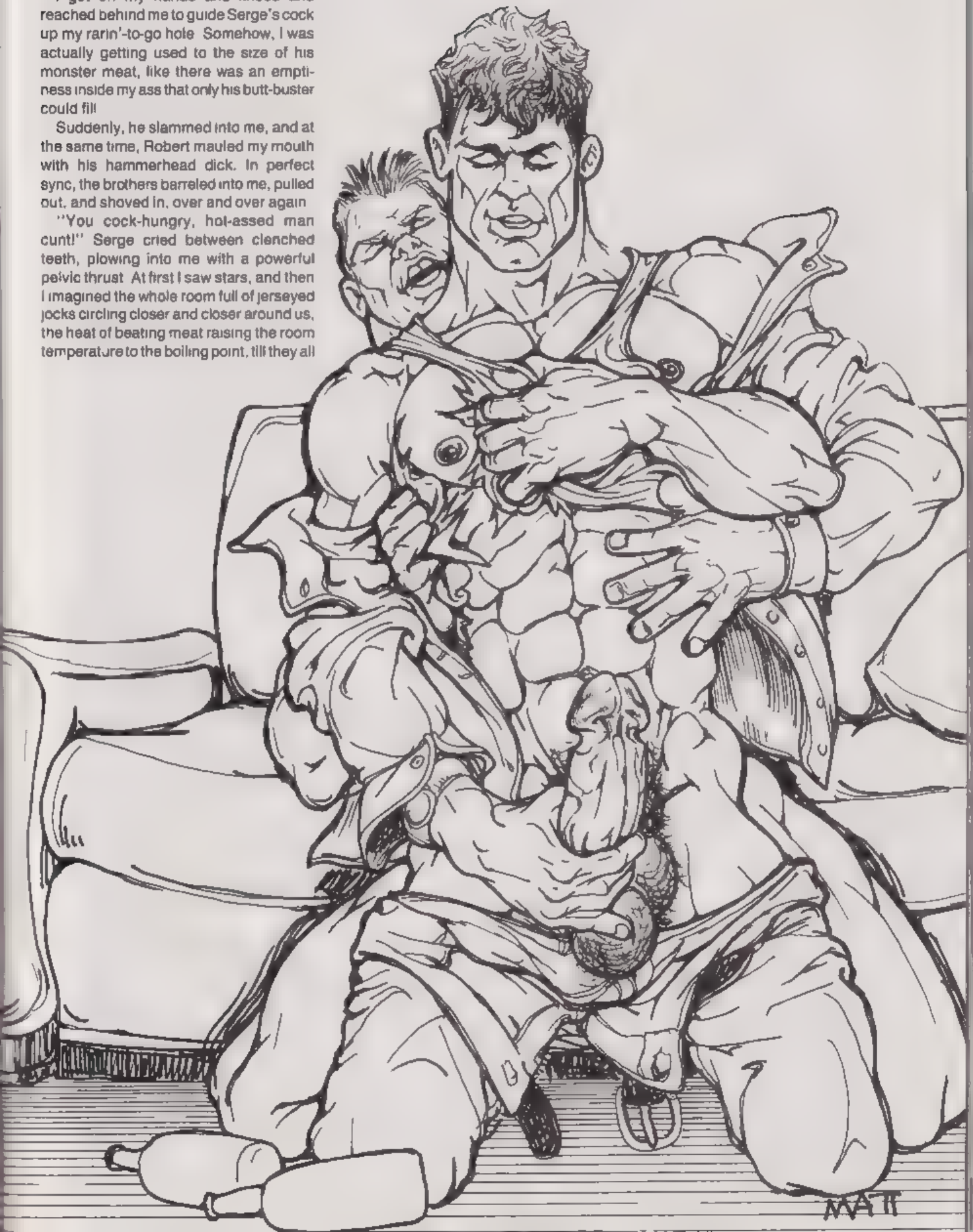
Patrick strolled in, dressed to thrill in nothing but banged up boots and dark glasses. Serge and Robert looked cool. Facing us Patrick sat down on the shag carpet and leaned against the wall, his knees raised up in the air. His cock was soft, but there must have been at least seven inches of it.

take it over the edge yet "Turn around," he ordered

I got on my hands and knees and reached behind me to guide Serge's cock up my rarin'-to-go hole Somehow, I was actually getting used to the size of his monster meat, like there was an emptiness inside my ass that only his butt-buster could fill

Suddenly, he slammed into me, and at the same time, Robert mauled my mouth with his hammerhead dick. In perfect sync, the brothers barreled into me, pulled out, and shoved in, over and over again

"You cock-hungry, hot-assed man cunt!" Serge cried between clenched teeth, plowing into me with a powerful pelvic thrust At first I saw stars, and then I imagined the whole room full of jerseyed jocks circling closer and closer around us, the heat of beating meat raising the room temperature to the boiling point, till they all



took aim at once and let their loads fly, spraying a fusillade of jock juice across the smooth, flat flesh of our humping bodies.

Robert stamped his feet like a restless racehorse, then leaned in for a smashing face-fuck and, at the same time, kicked the stereo and switched the speed. The long-playing album started spinning at seventy-eight: "Relaxgotoit, whenyouwannagettoit relaxgotoit. . .whenyouwanna. . ."

"Oh, shit!" Serge shouted

"Cummm!" cried Robert.

Serge and Robert rocketed their hard cocks into me and squirted thick streams of hot semen, dousing my throat and asshole. When they were done, one after the other, each slid his tool out of me with a loud "pop," like they'd just opened a couple cans of beer

I collapsed on the carpet and rolled over onto my back Standing over me, Robert tattooed my torso with his final dribbles, and from the opposite side of my body, Serge shellacked my cockhead with the last of his eggshell-white semen

Serge looked on as, eyes gleaming, Robert dropped to his knees and bent close to my crotch. I thrust my hips upward and slid my boner between his lips. I was so far gone, I knew it wouldn't take long to spill my load, not with Robert's macho mouth sucking me so expertly Only a few seconds later, a volley of spunk spewed out of my cockhead and flooded his throat. A heartbeat after that, a long strand of sperm leaked out from between his lips and spattered his neck.

I slumped back with a groan, and Robert pulled his jizz-streaked lips away from my cock. Wet with spunk and sweat, he got to his feet and pulled me up alongside him Serge and Patrick were nowhere to be [illegible]

"We're going on the road tomorrow," Robert explained. "I guess they've gone to bed "

"With each other?" I asked, understandably curious

"No. Never. We're not into that. We may sometimes share a fan But never each other "

I stepped into my jeans and buttoned my shirt As in a dream, Robert came toward me and darted his long tongue between my lips and probed mercilessly, till both of us were gasping for air

"Missing these?"

Startled, we whirled around to see Serge striding into the room, dangling my keys. He put the keys in my hand and folded my fingers around them, then walked over to the stereo and lifted the needle off the rasping record.

"We still haven't heard the flip side," he said, smiling at me, "and it's got the hottest numbers. Come over when we're back off the road "

"Thanks, Serge."

"That's thanks, *sir*."

I saluted him. "Sir, yessir!"

He turned and thrust out his ass "Give me a good-bye kiss," he commanded

I went over behind him and carried out his order

"I have seen the future," he announced, "and it is *good*." Then, glancing over his shoulder he strutted off into the bedroom, leaving Robert and me alone

Robert pulled his T-shirt over his head and cleaned the cum off his lips, chin, neck, chest. "Next time you see Serge cruising on the ice," he laughed, "he won't be looking to score just by slapping a shot on goal!"

We slapped each other's hands and I headed for the door

"I'll send you a copy of the magazine when it comes out," I said.

"Don't bother," Robert replied, grinning slyly. "I subscribe " ■

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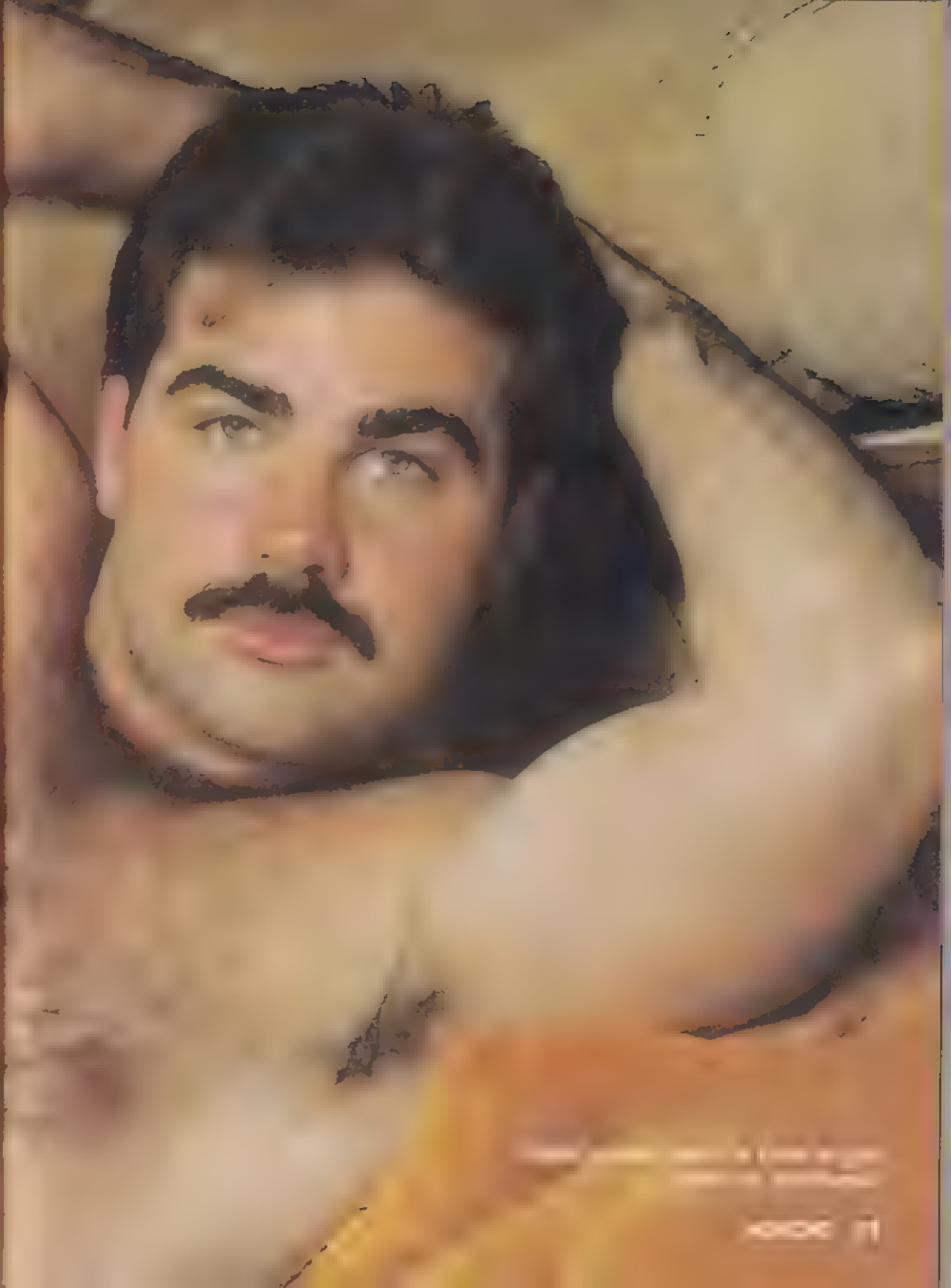

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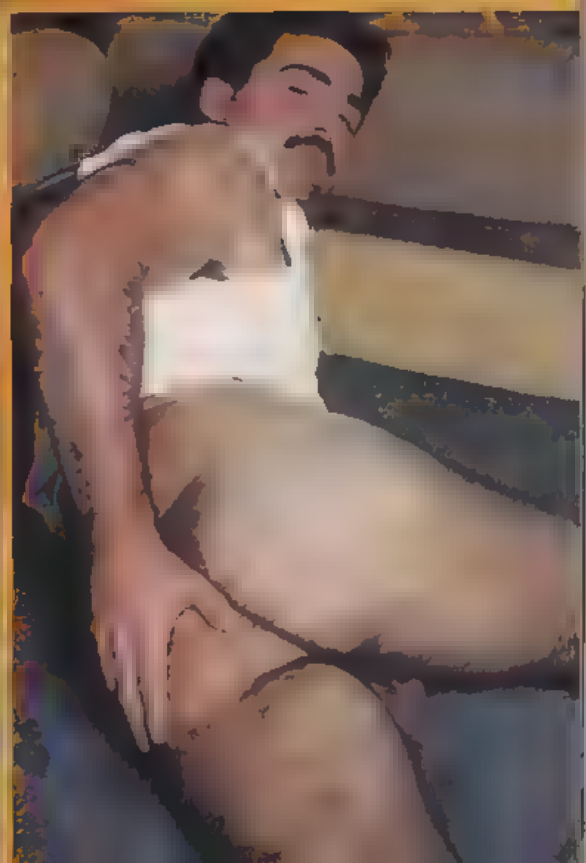
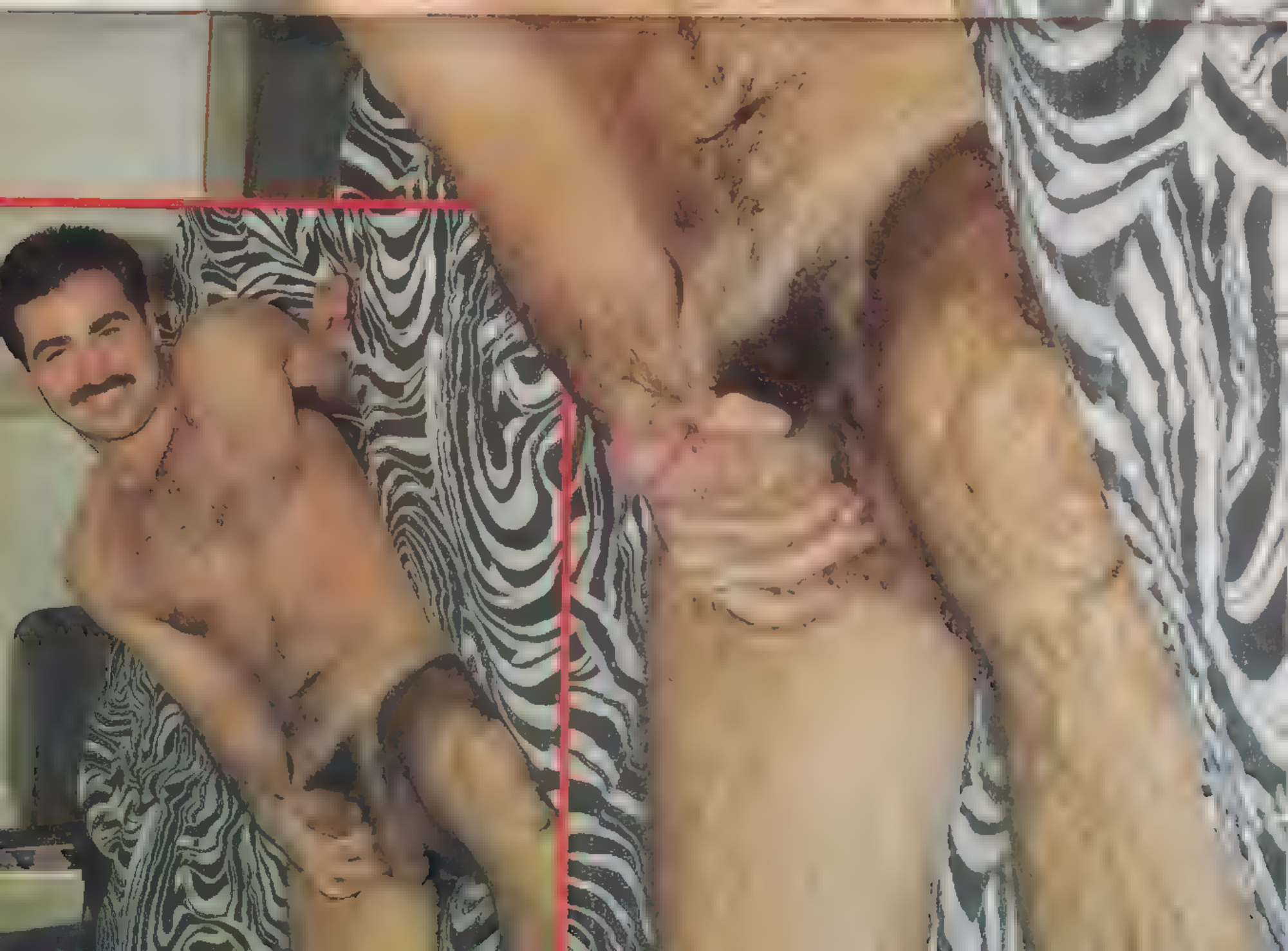
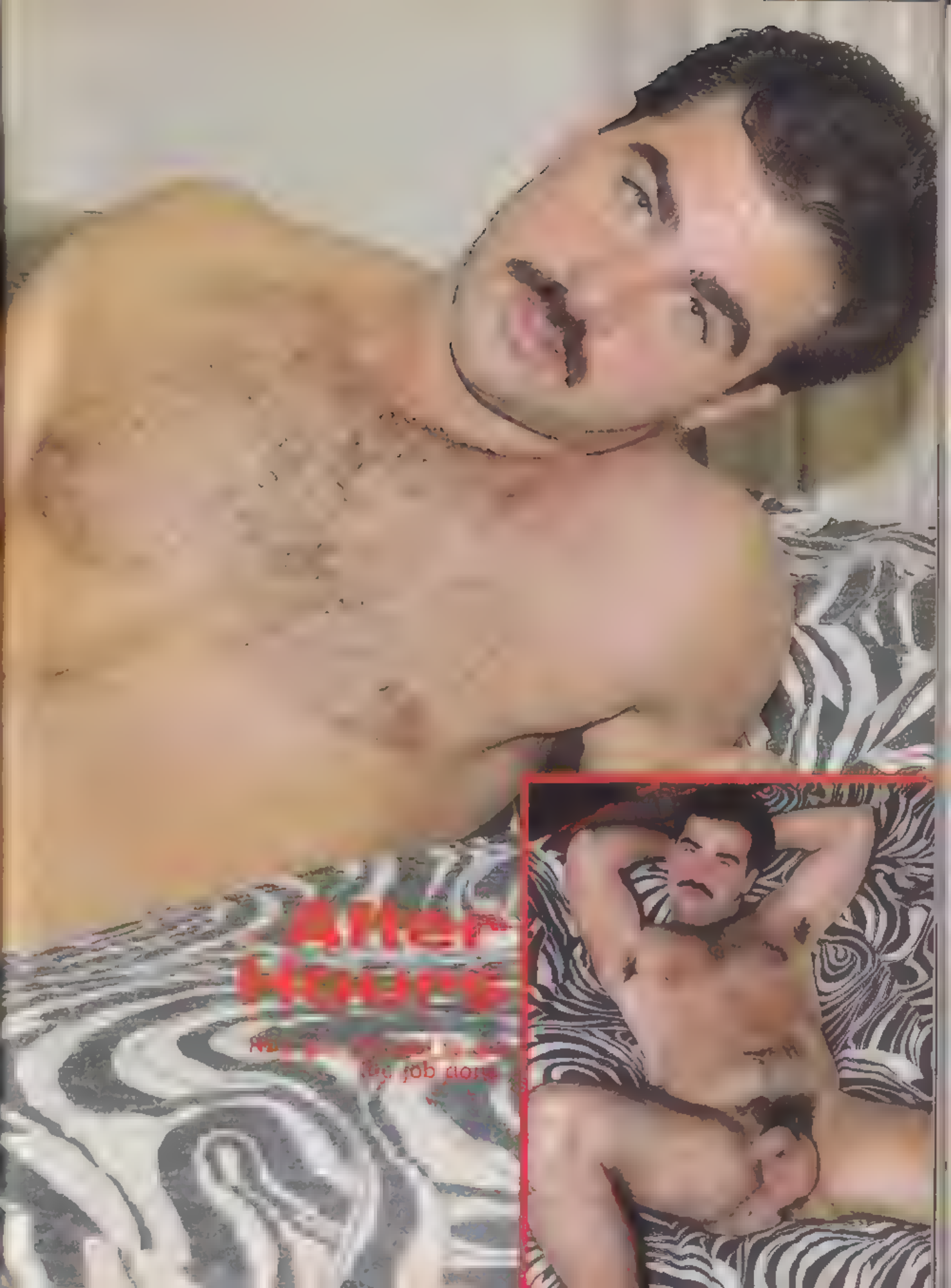





After
Hours

PLAYGIRL

READY, WILLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

plied my missing personality." He was convinced that he was dull, difficult, and too analytical. But to me, his mind was as compelling as his body. Talking with him was like exploring a never-ending labyrinth. There were constant twists and turns, and I never knew where he was taking me. But I always followed. Except when the topic turned to love. Then I would change the subject.

I still wasn't working. I was still watching him work. And I was reminded of our first meeting...

He was leaving his building, and I was snapping shots of our Tenth Street block. The sunset, a blinding orange, poured down the street, from the Hudson, New Jersey silhouetted against it. I turned from my tripod and saw him standing there. I gasped, but managed to keep it to myself. He was in yellow cotton shorts, a white tank top, and white socks and sneakers, and his tan was *so* dark in contrast to the light-colored clothing. He watched what I was doing for a few seconds, then nodded shyly and ambled over.

I let the shutter click again. I noticed that my hand had shaken the tripod a bit. I was so unnerved by his nearness. My artist's eyes were feasting on him. But he seemed not to notice the depth of my interest, only that I had nodded and smiled at him. Which gave him the courage to speak.

"Hi," he said. His voice was deeper, more resonant than I'd expected it to be. "I hope I didn't interrupt you. Have you finished?"

"What? Oh, yeah. Nice sunset. I can always use good stock shots of sunsets." I was putting on my best "pro" voice.

"What are stock shots?"

"Shots you can sell to textbooks, newspapers, that sort of thing. They use them to illustrate stories and articles. They go into a stockpile of reference pictures that they can draw from whenever they want."

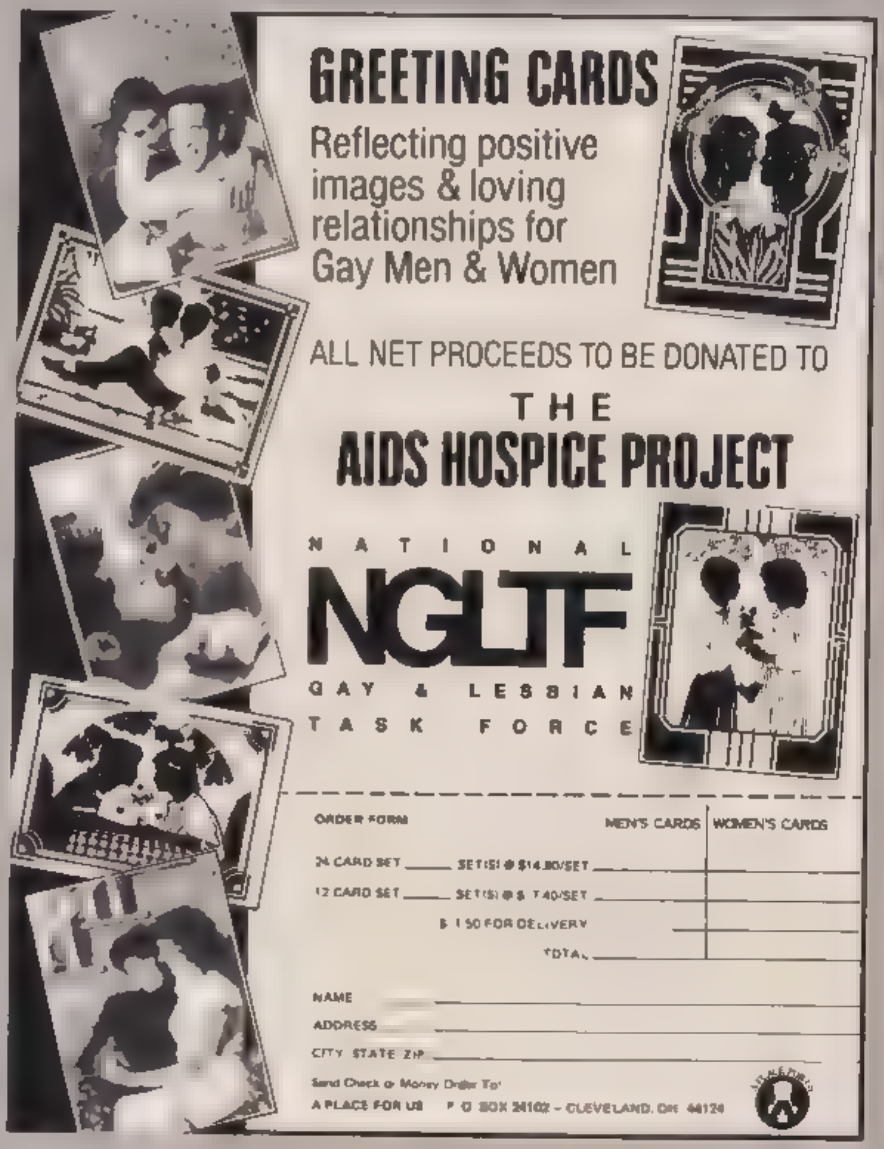
His dark-red lips formed a satisfied grin...a little boy pleased with himself because he'd learned something new. "Oh, I see. Can you sell them more than once?" He was beaming now, with interest and curiosity. I would soon learn how much he enjoyed questions and answers, show and tell—learning.

"Technically, no. That's why I'm taking so many variations of the same shot. I can sell them to different agencies, each one an original, slightly different from the others. It's stretching things, but it's legal." I grinned knowingly. We were no longer talking about photographs. At least I wasn't. "I have some fresh lemonade upstairs, and access to the roof garden. Care to cool off and watch the sunset with me?" I said over my shoulder as I packed up my camera.

He looked at his watch. "Okay. I was gonna run for a while, but lemonade and sunset-watching sounds much better."

We went to my apartment for a thermos of lemonade, glasses, two lounge chairs, and two towels—one for each chair, or so I said, knowing full well how useful the towels would be for what I really had in mind.

On the rooftop, Greg folded his arms in front of him and gazed at the river and the fading sun, and I stood next to him, shivering slightly in the cool breeze. For several minutes, we just stood there sipping our lemonade and gazing in silence. My eyes, like his, were trained on the horizon, but my concentration was on what I could see only peripherally: him. I was actually intimidated by his beauty, and for the first time in years I feared rejection. He seemed so shy, or was it reticence? Was he feeling anything similar to what I was feeling, or did he really want nothing more than a glass of lemonade and a pleasant view of the sunset. Finally, I turned to him and caught him stealing a quick glance at my crotch. And he *blushed*. He actually *blushed*! But it wasn't a guilty blush. It was sweet, little-boy naughty.



"You're very handsome, Greg. You should let me photograph you."

Naughty turned to modest, and the blush faded. "If you think you could use me, I'd be flattered...honored. Those prints in your living room are very beautiful. Are they all your work?" In the short time we were downstairs, he'd not missed a thing.

"Yep, all mine," I said proudly. "They're from a forthcoming book of male nudes. Kind of a coffee table book. Very tasteful. No cocks showing." I was staring deeply into his eyes. They were full of color now...*colors*...the burnt red of the sun, the pale blue of the sky, the green and gray pigments of his iris. I had no choice: I took him into my arms and kissed him. He was pliant but in no way passive. He returned my kiss with a sigh, his lips supple and vibrant.

I ran my hands over the front of his shorts and the bulge I felt was much more than I had expected on such a boyish body. It was long, fat, and very hard. I explored a bit. His plump balls filled my palm. *Built like a boy, hung like a man...*

"Do you really want me right here on your rooftop?" he whispered, holding tight to me, his lips pressed against my ear.

"If you'd rather go downstairs, we can. But it's just so...majestic up here. No one can see us. This is the highest building on the block. And jets fly by too fast to notice us."

He leaned back and smiled at me. "If you really want to, it's okay. I don't know why I'd worry. But I can be difficult sometimes. I think too much, you know?" He kissed me again, hugging my waist so tightly that I had trouble breathing. He was not just holding, he was holding on.

I walked us to the lounge chairs, lined them up side by side, put the towels over them, then put Greg on them. I undressed him slowly, peeling away each article of clothing with great care. I wanted to unveil him, not just undress him. Even his toes were perfect. His legs, coated white down, were silken to the touch. His ass was hairless except for a tiny fringe around the sphincter. His raised nipples were like two small plums, the tips hard and bright pink. A line of golden hair bisected his chest and led downward to his navel, to his cock. His pubic hair was thick but soft and a darker gold than the rest of him. His cock, fully erect, trembled when my fingers grazed it.

He kept his eyes closed while I licked and kissed him from his toes to his skull. He sighed and flexed and whispered my name over and over.

I eased him down my throat and nursed his spongy helmet. If I could have swallowed him whole I would have. I had never known such overwhelming desire for anyone.

He hissed as he slowly fucked my mouth. It felt so good I was soon ready to come just from the taste of him. But there was something else I wanted first.

I gently pulled my mouth off his cock, raised his legs on either side of my face, and rubbed my nose into his golden furrow. I burrowed into him, and he opened up to me like a morning glory. I repositioned myself and slid my shaft across his opening, and he wrapped his powerful legs around my waist. Then, holding onto my shoulders, he stared at me studiously, and I suddenly felt self-conscious. How could I possibly be as beautiful to him as he was to me? How could I give give him even a fraction of the satisfaction he was giving me? How could I ever hope to compete with even the least of the great beauties that his beauty must have drawn to him by the score throughout his young life?

Then he smiled.

I smiled back and gently pressed into him. He had to be hurting at least a little, but his expression remained perfectly serene as he pulled me deeper into himself with his legs.

And then a charming, poignant little crack appeared in his serenity. "Please don't come in me...I'm afraid," he whispered.

I assured him I would not.

"Let it shoot on me...on my belly...I want to see you coming...okay?"

I grinned. "I may come faster than you think."

"Good," he said, matching my grin. I was all the way in now, my bush grazing his ass hairs. "I don't even have to come. But I want you to. All over me,

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okay?"

He ended so many sentences with that plaintive "okay?"...always wanting assurance that I was pleased, that I was satisfied with him.

He shot before I did. I plunged deep into him, hitting his spine with my cock, and instantly he spilled his thick white pudding all over his hard belly. I ripped myself out of him and added to the lake of cum on his abdomen, until it overflowed. I rubbed my balls into his cock hairs, felt his throbber under mine—and I shot *again*, within seconds of my first load!

He grinned broadly and asked, "Do you always come like that?"

Panting, I collapsed on top of him. "No! Jesus God, no! Baby, baby, baby..."

It was like that with him. He was always so eager—anxious?—to please, and I was always so pleased. Except that after a while it began to scare me. I wasn't sure I could maintain the heroic image he seemed to have of me. And although I hadn't the slightest doubt about the intensity of my lust, beyond that I wasn't sure my *feelings* were as deep as his. Maybe if he had resisted me a little, just every now and then. But whenever I called him, even when I could see through the window that he was hard at work on his computer, within minutes he'd arrive at my door, showered, shaved, radiant, and ready to be fucked. Why did he want me, need me so much? What was wrong with him? What was wrong with *me* that I couldn't simply accept and cherish the good fortune that had come my way?

I didn't know, I didn't know. But I *did* know that my life was no longer focused and serene. I was ruffled, all the time. And I was not at all pleased about that.

Maybe I was looking for something else, somebody closer to my own age, somebody who would give me some friction, who would stir up "the chase" in me, someone bigger than me perhaps, more aggressive, *as* aggressive.

Then one night, after our third or fourth round of pleasure, Greg, lying in my arms, nestled against my chest, asked, "What is it? What have I done? You seem so far away. Have I...are you tired of me?"

I hesitated. "I dunno. Maybe it's just the book coming out...press releases...meetings...all that. Don't worry about it. It's not you."

He didn't buy it. "Am I smothering you? I promise I'll be less...less clingy as we get to know each other...if that's what you want."

"I'm fine, Greg. Really."

He knew I was lying.

We had been sleeping together almost every night. He would rise early, make breakfast, and serve it to me in bed. Then he'd slip into his suit, kiss me good-bye, and head for "The Street." But after that lie, after I told him I was fine when I wasn't, things changed. He tried even harder to please me. But I began to pull away. I started sleeping later in the mornings, while he made breakfast for *one*. I began to have more "meetings" that kept me out late. I started hitting the bars again. Unbelievable! In my thirties, I'd gone to the bars out of loneliness; now I was going there to avoid the companionship and devotion of a beautiful young man.

He knew that things were not getting better. And one night I lost my hard-on while I was fucking him. Next morning, he left without breakfast. That evening, I didn't call, nor did he.

Actually I did call. I managed to hold back all evening, but at midnight, I saw him working at his computer, and my resistance broke down. I told him it wasn't anything he'd done. I just needed some time alone, a few days to gather my thoughts. He acquiesced...as usual. He was understanding...as usual.

I was miserable. But I clung to my solitude, and a few days became several, became more than several. Many nights I would look out through my window and see him framed in his, working steadily away. He was coping, it seemed, and I was not. I wasn't working. I wasn't going out. I wasn't doing anything.

Late one morning, after an hour or so of brooding, I dashed to the phone and made a last-minute lunch date with a friend, then rushed through a shower and into fresh clothes and headed uptown to one of my favorite French restaurants, where Al and I had agreed to rendezvous

We were about halfway through the main course when I saw him on the other side of the room...Greg. What the hell was he doing up here on the snooty Upper East Side? Who were the two businessmen with him? I was glad that Al's and my table was partially concealed by a potted palm and that the

restaurant was fashionably under-lit, so I could spy on Greg with no worry of being seen by him. I caught a few faint phrases. He was selling something, something he had made, created. His tone was self-assured and commanding, totally unlike the pliant creature who inhabited my bed—who used to inhabit my bed. His calm assertiveness was absolutely foreign to me, a side of him I had never seen, if indeed it had ever been there before.

I gleaned that one of the men was Greg's lawyer, the other a prospective buyer for whatever Greg was selling. He had designed some sort of program—designed and *patented* it. Jesus, it was a power lunch—with little-boy Greg at the center of it! Only he didn't look like a little boy at all. He was a mover, a comer, a man.

And I was even more unsettled by the assertive new Greg than I had been by the passive old one.

But somehow I got through the meal, even managed to keep up my end of the conversation, while maintaining my vigilant eavesdropping on Greg and his colleagues. Al and I slipped out unnoticed, and I hailed a cab for him, turning down his offer of a ride home with the excuse that I had an errand in the neighborhood. In truth, of course, I simply had to see where Greg would go from the restaurant. I waited across the street until he came out, said good-bye to his prospect, conferred briefly with his lawyer, then turned and walked briskly uptown.

I followed, from the opposite sidewalk. Six blocks later, Greg entered a fern bar situated between two overpriced antique shops. I crossed the street and followed him inside. The room was long and narrow and dimly lit. Greg was sitting in the middle of the bar in front of the cash register, the only brightly lit spot in the place. He ordered a martini, and by the time I had seated myself—in a dark corner—and ordered, he had received his drink. He toasted the air in self-congraduation and sipped. He looked so impressive, so self-assured in his business suit. Two real lookers immediately descended on him. Greg was gracious but aloof.

After downing his third drink and rejecting his fourth man, he turned in my direction. I felt like I'd swallowed a football. But when he saw me, he gave me that familiar smile, waved, and suddenly I was looking at the old Greg again—shy, modest, and unsure of himself. I could see that he was weighing whether it would be all right if he joined me, so I got up and walked over to him.

"What are you doing way up here?" he asked. The cocktails had misted his eyes slightly...or *was* it the cocktails?

I sat beside him and sipped my bourbon. "I had lunch with a friend. Then he went home, and I..."

"You needed some time alone." He grinned mischievously. He was giving me a little jab, and enjoying it. Then he warmed up his grin and softened his tone. "I do understand, you know. It's been good for me too, but only because of what I've learned from you, from your example. I was so impressed by how you run your life, your work, your *career*. It's given me the courage to do some stuff myself, stuff I only dreamed about before." He kissed me, not a needy kiss but rather a friendly little peck on the cheek. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," I said. *The kid's grown up*, I thought.

"I miss you. I can take it if you've had enough of me, or too much of me. But I'd rather not. I know I swamp, smother you sometimes, but I don't know any other way. So I'd be lying if I said I'd change. I won't change. I'll still be me. But I do think I'm a little better at *that*, at being me, than I was when I met you."

I leaned over and kissed him. I held his face in my hands and kissed him again. Then I whispered, "Guess what."

"What?"

"I'm scared to death of what I feel for you."

"And what's that?" he asked.

"I can't make myself say it."

"It's all right, kid," he said in a fatherly tone. "*I'll* make you say it. Later." And then just a flash of the little boy for: "Okay?"

"Okay," I said, chuckling.

He radiated the widest, whitest, most resplendent of smiles, took my hand, and led me out into the street.

We went back to my apartment and made easy love. That word...that harmless, terrifying, overused, undermeant, wonderful four-letter word. I felt like a fool to have been so frightened by it. But I was glad I had told Greg about my fear. Because it was so nice to have him kiss me and make it go away. ■

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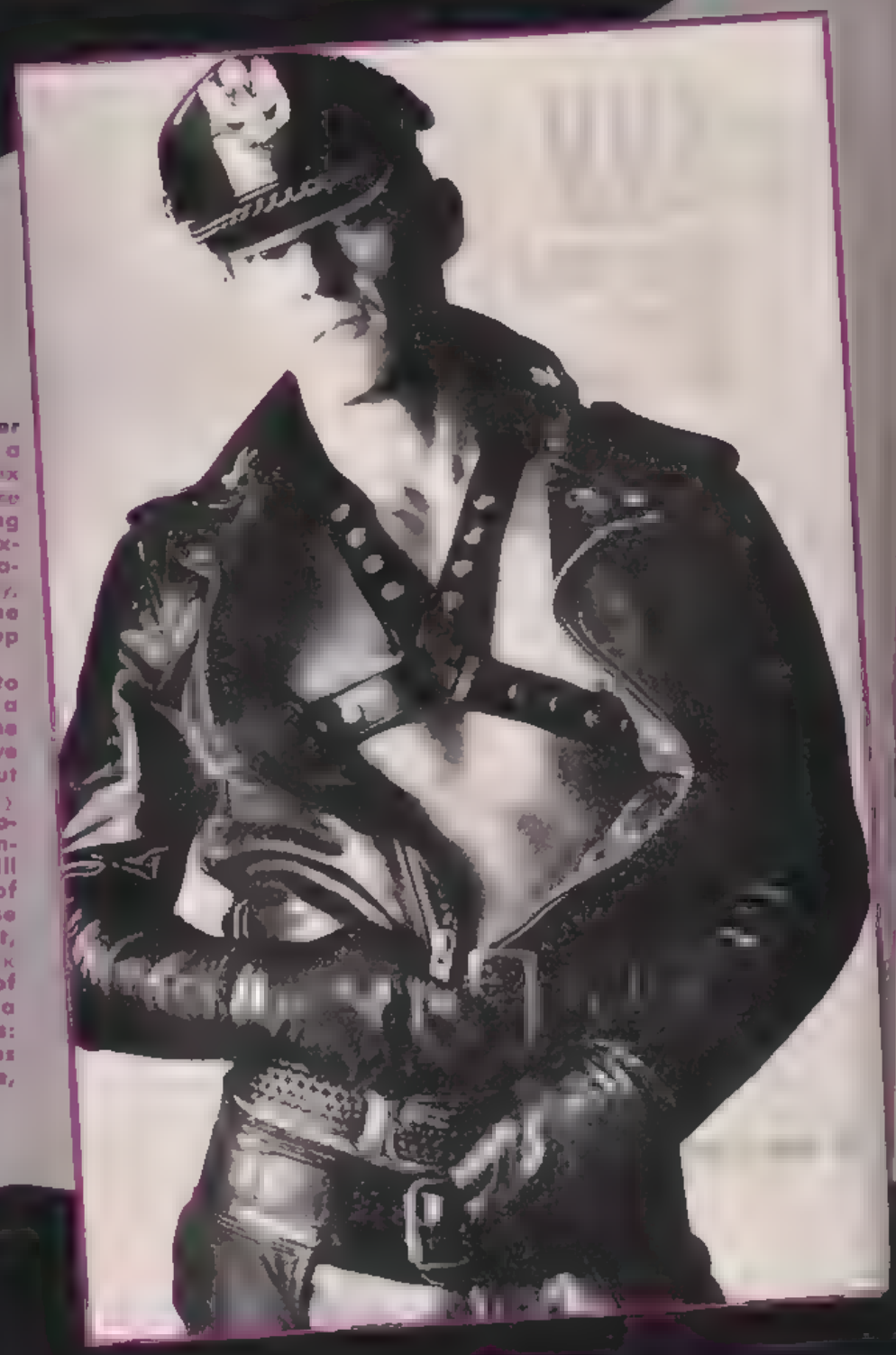

Toy Catalogue

Always a part of the leather scene, toys are now becoming a part of mainstream gay sex. Sex toys are something that more and more gay men are looking into as part of the broader sexual horizon opened for exploration by New Sex. Unfortunately, many men have no access to the accoutrements that can spice up their sex play.

For those of you wishing to play with and start to build a "toy chest" of your own, the folks at Mercury Mail Order have given you a way to do so without ever leaving the house. Mercury Mail Order, which has been supplying the demanding gay community for six years, can fill orders for almost any type of sex toy conceivable, for those who can't, or would rather not, purchase them in person. A quick browse through the pages of Mercury's catalogue reveals a treasure trove of playthings: jockstraps and posing straps made from both leather and cire,

One-Handed Rope Tricks

Whether your scene is discipline or hog tying, you know it takes two to tangle you up in the sheets. But finding someone with the same special interests who is willing to tie the proper knot sometimes requires outside assistance. *Bound & Gagged*, a new bi-monthly fanzine written for and by men into bondage, is here to offer just that. Personals, true tales, and reader photos and art give subscribers a personal forum for the exchange of ideas and important New Sex education. Subscription forms can be obtained by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Outbound Press, Suite 729, 263-A West 19th Street, New York, NY 10011.
Steve Dambach

Cold Hard Facts

There's nothing tough about bashing someone because you are prejudiced, and even the federal government has finally acknowledged that violence based on race and sexual preference is rampant in America. Thus, the House Judiciary Committee has approved the "Hate Crime Statistics Act," and the Justice Department has initiated its own study on hate violence to gather data and explore possible solutions. Unfortunately, most crimes of this nature go unreported because most victims believe that nothing can be done. But statistics are essential for government action, and every hate crime that goes unreported is one more missed opportunity to make government officials admit that we are oppressed and battered as a people. Especially during an election year, we should not let these opportunities go by.

Kevin Berrill of the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force is asking for facts and information about anti-gay and anti-lesbian violence and harassment in 1987. If you or someone you know is aware of any anti-gay episode that may not have been added to your community records, or that was not listed as being specifically gay-related, make sure that information reaches the NGLTF offices (1517 U Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20009) as soon as possible. We must be counted and be represented. It is our first line of defense.
Steve Dambach

PAGES FULL OF HOT DREAMS

I don't think I broke any law, but my supervisor would have had a fit if she caught me. I was sorting mail in the back caverns of our branch post office when suddenly a misss-sent piece fell into my hand. It belonged to a small town in the Sierra, not here, but a pair of digits in the zip had been reversed by someone's eyes, or by a weary machine, which had got it in the wrong bag. It was addressed properly, so I needed only to toss it back out, it would arrive a day late, and the sender would never know It had made a side trip to Los An

BY KENN RICHIE
PHOTOS BY BARRY

I curl over the unopened pages, teasing myself as the saliva washes over my tongue. My cock grows harder. My lips tremble. "Show me, baby," I whisper urgently. "Show me. Let me see it. Let me have it, baby—" I flip the pages open to a photo, then: "Oh, my God! Oh, baby, choke me! Yeah!"

I always forget to have a towel nearby, so I end up having to do the laundry. Facing reality after a dream is a bummer. Usually, I force myself to set the copy aside without going all the way through it, to save something for a later time. But this day was different. In my rush for pleasure, I'd dropped my shirt on the floor within easy reach, and that name and address was in the pocket. Even with a load of cum still on my belly, I managed to reach it, and I began to sail off into another fantasy, a wonderful new experience. I felt that I was holding hands with another *Honcho* reader, that we were lying on the bed together getting ready to peruse the latest issue side by side. I found myself whispering to him as we savored the photo displays.

I read one of the stories aloud, since my companion hadn't worn his glasses to bed. I took his meat in my hand, he took mine, and I had to turn the pages with my tongue. We both came at the same time.

Then, damned reality, I realized that I'd crushed and smeared the slip of paper. We'd shot our wads together in the ultimate sex duet, and I'd lost his name! I rushed to the bright light at my desk and quickly copied his first name—Jerry—and that he lived in a small town near Yosemite. Funny, I'd been thinking of Yosemite as I looked forward to my vacation, which was to start the next week.

Falling in love is a complicated business at best, but falling for a mailing label is especially hairy. But I shared something with this guy. Every month, I thought, Jerry must lie on his bed as I do on mine and thrill to the ball-blasting excitement of *Honcho*. The fantasy that we might be doing it together soon was not beyond reason. I didn't much care what Jerry looked like, how old he was, or how big his cock might be. If we needed a physical turn-on, we'd have the magazine. The warmth and intimacy of being together was what I craved. I could simply go to his town, manage somehow to meet him, manage somehow to talk about *Honcho*. I was

My cock begins to stir in anticipation. I curl over the unopened pages, teasing myself as the saliva washes over my tongue. My cock grows harder. My lips tremble. "Show me, baby," I whisper urgently. "Show me. Let me see it. Let me have it, baby."

sure I could do it without revealing how I'd copied the name at work. The last thing I needed was a complaint to the post office that would cost me my job. Aw, but Jerry wouldn't do that. Fuck the fear, man! I packed my bags and headed for the mountains.

You'll have trouble believing what happened to me when I got to the town, but I swear it's true. I spent a while driving around in search of a hotel, but it was a small town indeed, and I ended up at a motel some ten miles back down the highway. I freshened up, changed, and drove back into town, slowing down on the quiet little street to search for Jerry's number. All of a sudden Jerry himself, not looking where he was going, stepped out in front of my car. Had I been going any faster, I might have run him down.

How did I knew this was Jerry? Because it was the man I had creamed my bedsheets over! Of course *Honcho* would send copies to its models; that didn't suprise me at all. But what glorious guardian of fate had sent *that* copy to *my* post office. "Show me, baby," I whispered as I jumped out of the car.

We began with waves of apologies to one another, I for nearly hitting him, he for not watching where he was going. He was so charming, so intelligent, so mild-mannered, soft-spoken, and sensational that I couldn't stop. I think I apologized for having dust on my bumper that might have gotten on his pants leg.

The god of dreamers was with me all the way. He'd turned his ankle, so it was natural I'd offer him a ride. Although he wasn't really shaken, the near calamity was excuse enough for me to suggest that we have a drink. He suggested coffee instead, which was fine with me, and the hour of the day was ideal to expand that into a dinner date. Guess what: the only nice, quiet restaurant he knew of was next to a *motel about ten miles down the highway*!

Over dinner, we talked as if we'd known each other for years. After a while I was comfortable enough to mention, "I saw your pictures in a magazine," which brought a boyish blush to his cheeks

"You're my first," he laughed. "But I'm not worried about you, and I'm glad it's finally happened. I've been going nuts wondering what it would feel like to have people recognize me. I mean, it's flattering as all hell to think that some man noticed my face...uh, you know what I mean. I guess I can expect a few good forward passes, and maybe I'll run into some embarrassing situations, too, like some mommie finding a copy hidden under Junior's pillow. Anyway, you've broken the ice and relieved my tensions. Now I know what it feels like to meet someone who's seen my all in *Honcho*

"I guess you might worry a little about your family and old friends and former school teachers and people like that," I commented casually.

"My mom loved it. She said she hadn't seen the fool thing since the last time she changed my diaper. 'My, how you've grown!'—that was her comment. So far, everybody I know is real cool about it. There's only one who has me worried."

"Oh?"

"A very special friend," he sighed. "We were at college together, and we keep in touch. We were so close, but not sexually. I didn't know I was gay at the time, and even though I think I may have suspected that *he* was, we just never talked about it. Now part of me hopes he sees the pictures, and part of me hopes he doesn't. What will he think? He means so much to me. I mean, I love the man, and I'm so afraid my posing could break it off. I keep dreaming that it might really bring us together, but I have nightmares about the opposite happening. Damn, fear is a miserable thing to have in your gut!"

"Tell me about it," I sighed.

The magic was still at work. He reached across the table, took my hand, and confessed that there was more of a motivation for him to pose than the money he'd been paid. "I love the idea that some man might have a worry-free orgasm over my picture."

At this point I was comfortable enough to let it out that I'd had one hell of a fantasy jack-off trip over his pictures.

"Let's see what I can do for you in person," he drawled softly.

Holy shit! I don't know if I knocked over the dinner table, or which of us paid the check, or whether either of us did, or if we left a tip, or finished our coffee—no, I know we didn't do that. What we did was we flew out the door.

The minute I got the door closed behind us, we kissed and fondled, our tongues dueling as he reached around me to secure the latch for our privacy. Pressed against the door, I could feel the abundance in his pants growing ever more abundant. His hand made its way under my T-shirt to explore my chest and pinch at my nipples.

We both got so over-heated from the kissing and groping at the door that we needed a break before round two. My copy of *Honcho* was on the top of my open suitcase, and he found a pen and started autographing it for me. I didn't look to see what he wrote, or where he wrote it; I

decided to save that for a lonelier time. After all, he was a local resident, and I was only on vacation; he'd told me about the man he loved, and it wasn't me. So I knew this dream was not going to last forever. But I wasn't about to let that stop me from making the most of it while I could

We got out of our clothes, and I dived for the bed, having been just a little faster than he. I had worried that my average size would disappoint him, especially considering the monster I knew he was packing, but the sight of what I had to offer seemed to please him. His well-developed chest heaved with excitement as he stared at my erection while removing his pants. He turned his back to me to hang them over a chair, and as he pulled down his shorts, and I beheld his perfectly formed, ivory ass, I suddenly realized that none of the photos in the magazine had featured his backside. "Oh, show me, baby. Show it to me," I whispered as I squirmed toward the edge of the bed.

Then he turned around, and I was instantly speechless.

He grinned mischievously. "Haven't you heard that it's not the size that counts? Not that anyone around the *Honcho* office has heard that one. Anyway, don't expect modesty from *me*. Nature was damned nice to me, and I know it. I enjoy having it admired...and cared for."

It jutted out at a right angle from a field of silky pubic hair, with just the slightest downward curve from the middle of the shaft to the circumcised head. He stepped closer, and I touched the satiny flesh, then curled my fingers around the shaft. He softly caressed the side of my face as I ran my tongue around the broad crown, preparing myself for the challenge of swallowing him whole. I tried to concentrate on relaxing, on "yawning" my throat as open as possible, while he stretched a fat rubber over his dong.

I was determined to get full value out of my dream come true. I took several tight-lipped plunges, and each time, I seemed to get a little more of it down my throat.

"Oh, man. Fantastic," he encouraged. "Oh, that's so good. Love my cock, baby. Love it. Oh, baby...so good. Take me, baby. Take me all the way!"

I had every intention of doing exactly that. Exploring his firm ass and thighs as I sucked, I could feel that his muscles were straining. I wanted him to be more comfortable. So reluctantly I pulled away from him and fell back on the bed and raised up on my elbows.

He straddled me and came forward to return his flame-red tool to my drooling mouth. The new position was harder for me, but I sucked full and hard nonetheless. I reached up and grabbed his ass to force him further down my throat, which was already sore, but I wanted him to rip it open if he had to!

In a backstroke, his meat popped out of my mouth. Instead of quickly returning it, he crawled forward as I lay my head back on the pillow. The sight of his balls dangling over my eyes gave me a new thrill. I wanted to catch them in my lips, to hang from them

I slid down toward the foot of the bed as he crawled up it. Then I quickly spun around and raised up for a perfect close-up of his perfect ass. My hands caressed his back, then around him to his flat belly. He was up on his knees now, but even so, his cock touched the bed when I pulled it

He turned his back to me to hang his pants over a chair, and, as he pulled down his shorts, and I beheld his perfectly formed, ivory ass, I suddenly realized that none of the photos in the magazine has featured his backside. "Oh, show me, baby. Show it to me."

down. I kept pulling it through his legs until it speared back toward me. Even in this position, stretched back along the crevice of his ass, its available length seemed an impossible challenge—which I gladly accepted.

I sent my lips down the shaft until my nose was buried in the warmth of his crack. I began sucking hard, faster than before. On the backstrokes—the only time I could breathe—I exhaled rushes of warm air over his balls and into his trembling ass.

"Oh, my God! You've got me, baby! Oh, yeah, love my cock. Take me, baby. Take me!"

I could tell he was about to come, and I didn't want that yet, so I let his meat leave my lips. He fell forward on the bed and rolled over onto his back. His entire body twisted and squirmed, and his cock flew about wildly. I wrapped my lips around the glistening head. This was it—the straight-down, all-the-way, deep-throat suck-off. Could I do it? God of dreams, help me!

My nose burrowed into the soft pubic hair. I had done it. I had every single luscious inch of him down my throat!

As he cried out his ecstasy, I gave him a long backstroke, all the way back to the tip. When it fell from my lips, I opened my eyes to recapture it—and then I gasped when I saw the underside of his shaft swelling and throbbing. I ripped off the rubber. Instantly, his slit opened wide, and a torrent of white flew out, splashing on my face. The thick juice felt so hot on my brow that I thought I might actually be burned. I could feel his cum pushing out of his rod. Finally I released him. Our evening was far from over, so there was no need for a nonstop marathon. We both needed some time to recover. He came up behind me at the bathroom sink and nibbled at my ear, looking me in the eye in the mirror. "I want you to fuck my guts out," he whispered.

"I think I can manage that, Jerry."

"*Jerry*? Why did you call me Jerry?"

"Isn't that your name?"

"No, I'm Keith. Jerry is my friend's name. The one I came to this town to look up. You bumped into me—or almost did—in front of his house. He wasn't home."

"And you've been wondering if Jerry might have seen your pictures in *Honcho*?".

"Yeah."

"Believe me: your friend Jerry *has* seen the pictures. They may have arrived a day later than they were supposed to, but he's seen them. And as far as whether he's gay or not, if you can judge a man by the way he spends his subscription dollars, I'd say your friend is most definitely one of the boys."

"I sure hope you're going to explain all this."

"I will, I will. Trust me."

"Of course. Well, well, well," he chuckled. "I'll be fucked."

"Right now?"

"Right now," he grinned, pulling me toward the bed. ■

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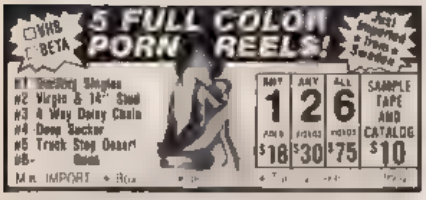
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Pumped Up

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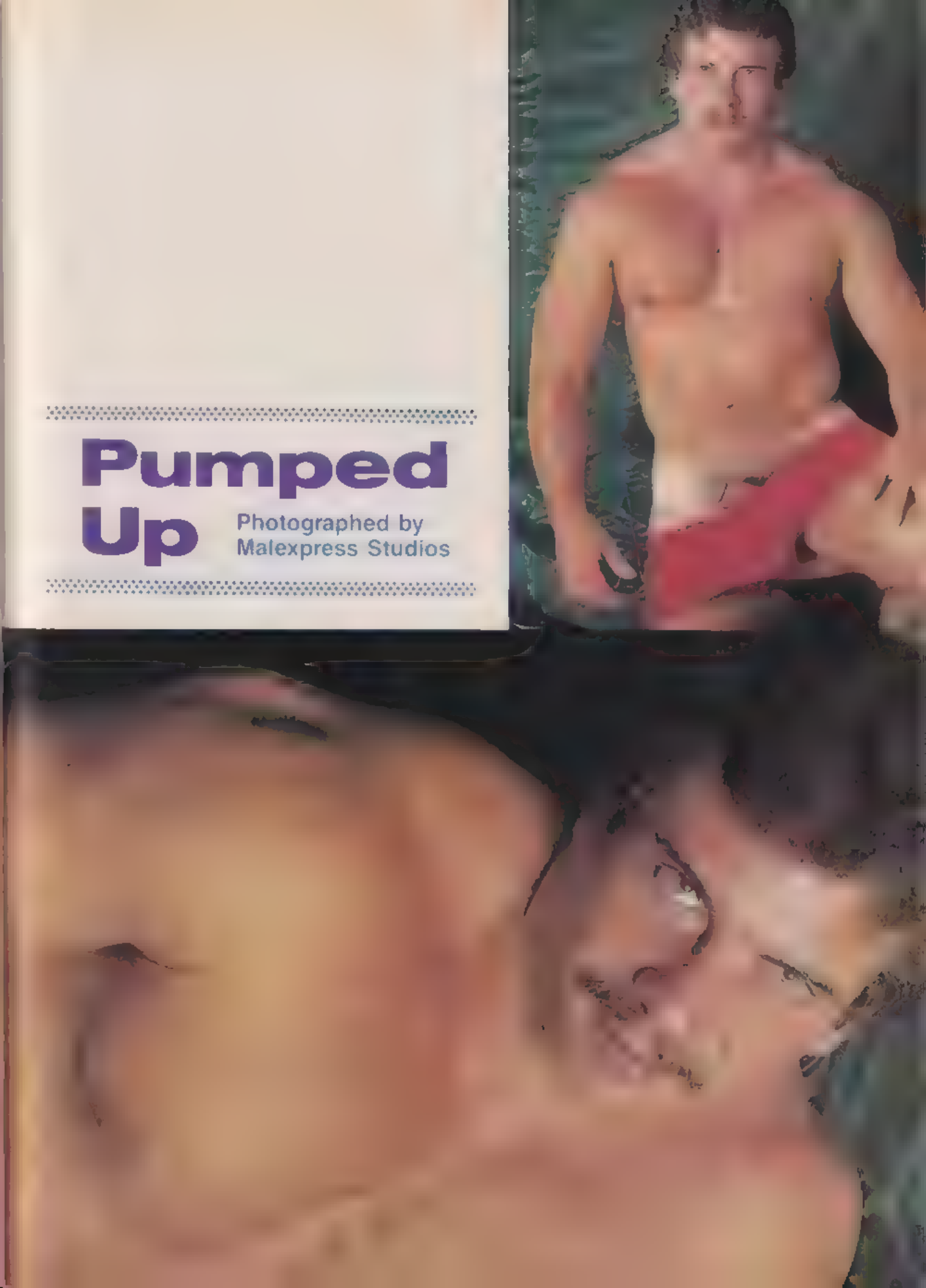

Pumped Up
This stud knows how to work it.

Big and beefy, he's primed for action

Give him
what he needs

NEVADA HEAT

BY BUCK SAGE • ART BY CERVONE

Sometimes you know you're getting in over your head, but you just can't help yourself. Here I was, fresh out of my first year of college for summer vacation. I had had a couple of jerk-off sessions with a buddy or two back in the dorm, and I thought I had everything figured out.

I was on my last stretch of Nevada, heading for California, and damn, it was hot! For a while I thought I was the only person on the road. Then I saw a big Harley tearing up behind me—shit, he must have been going eighty! In a few minutes that machine was riding alongside my old convertible, and I almost swerved off the pavement when I saw the magnificent male animal on its back. He had dark hair and a thick moustache, and his cruising speed blew his black leather vest open and exposed his well-defined pecs. His biceps bulged and his triceps flexed as he steered, sweat ran over the wide black belt looped through his tight, black-leather pants, and there were chains across his heavy boots. As he peeled out ahead of me, I marveled at his strong, wide shoulders and narrow waist.

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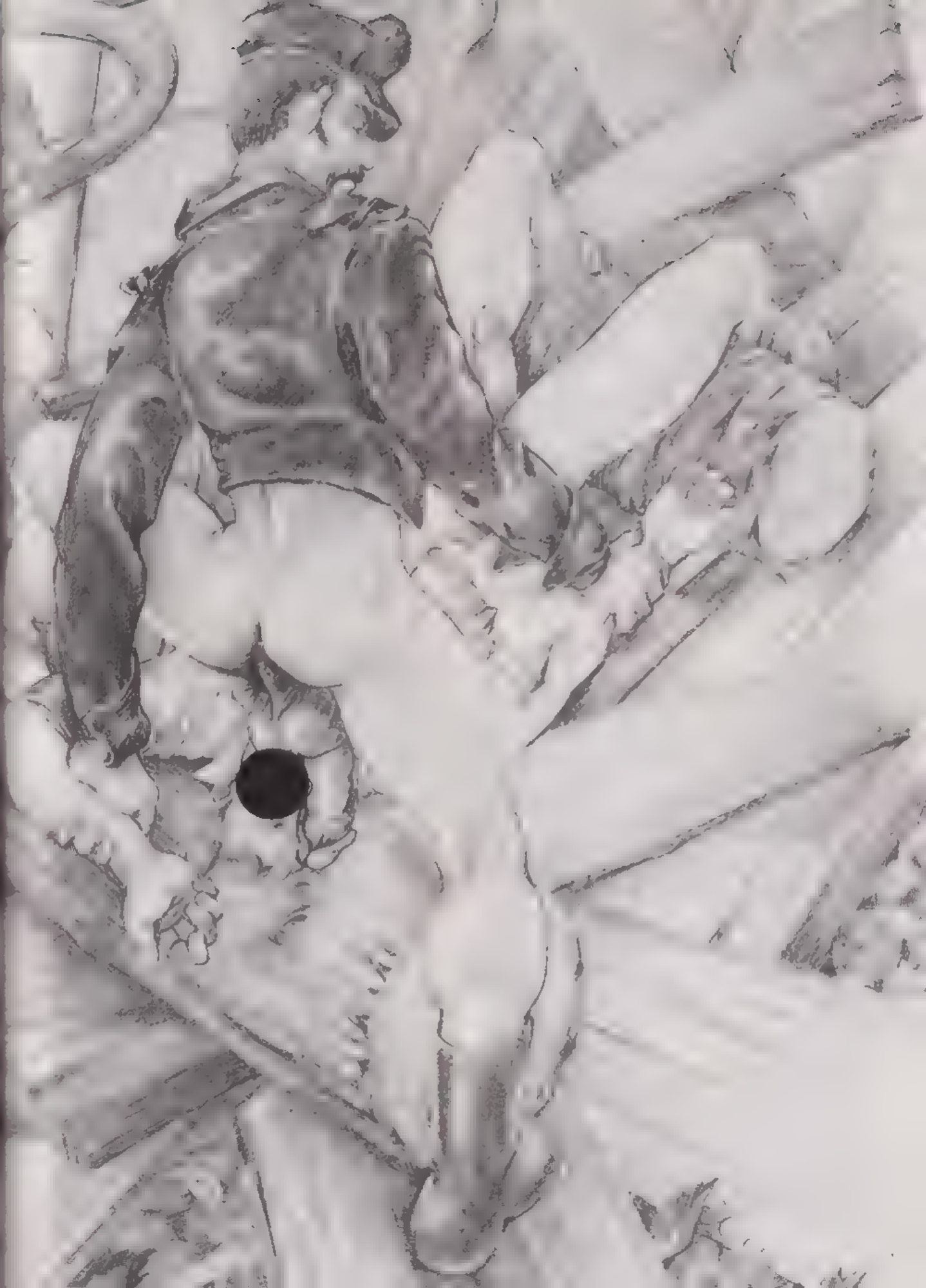

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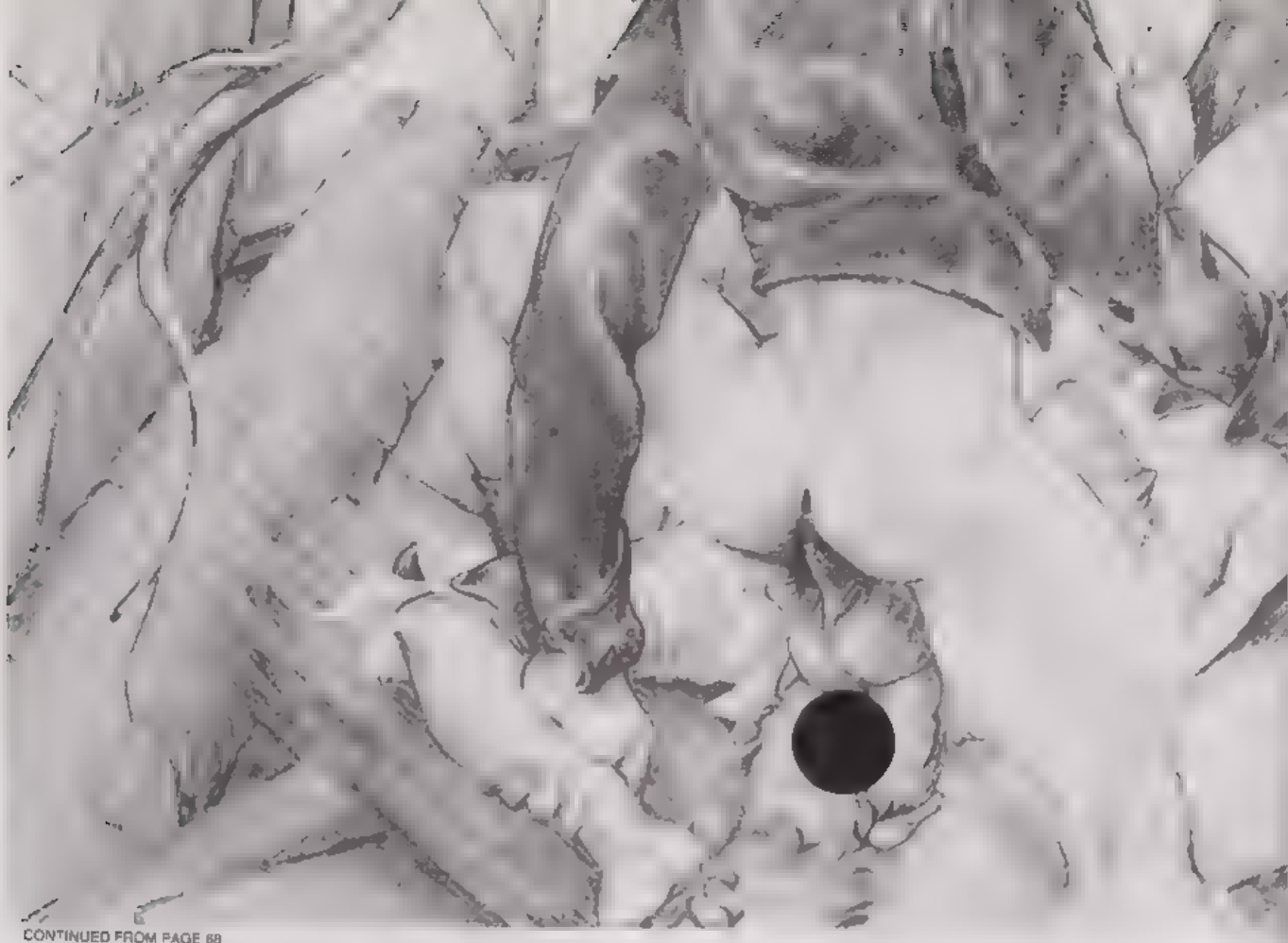


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

Suddenly he made a complete turn and was heading back in my direction. He passed me, and in my rearview mirror I watched him disappear into the blazing sun. Then the next thing I knew, I heard his motor racing up the road behind me, and my body tensed as he pulled up alongside me once more. This time he looked right into my eyes, and I saw that his were steel-blue and wide-set and that the man—a *real* man, if I'd ever seen one—was rough-looking and sweaty. He sped off again, and this time disappeared down the road in front of me. Gone but not forgotten. I couldn't stop thinking about him as I drove on down the hot, once-again deserted highway.

About five miles down the road, I caught the reflection of his wire wheels in the distance. He was parked at the mouth of a small dirt road that veered from the highway and was sitting on the back of his bike with his arms crossed against his hairy chest. I slowed down, and my eyes went to his bulging crotch. His tight leather pants left nothing to the imagination.

I pulled to a stop just past him. I was shaking as I stared into my rearview mirror at the outline of his long, thick cock and giant balls, and sweat trickled down my back as I stared at him waiting arrogantly for me to make the next move. He tugged at the piece of rawhide tied around his neck and spit toward a nearby cactus. With all the confidence in hell, he gave me a smirk, then slid back to the front of his bike, revved up the motor, and shot off down the narrow dirt road.

I couldn't help myself. I shoved my car into reverse, squealed around, and took off after his dust. About a quarter of a mile down the road, I skidded to a stop when the road abruptly dead-ended. The biker was standing with his back to me, pissing on a tree. His buns tensed as he shook the last few drops off his prick, then reached to zip up his pants.

He turned toward me and I froze. He strutted over to my car, reached in and turned off the ignition, took my keys, and returned to his bike. Then he jumped on the pedal and, after circling my car twice, pulled up alongside me and idled, looking straight ahead.

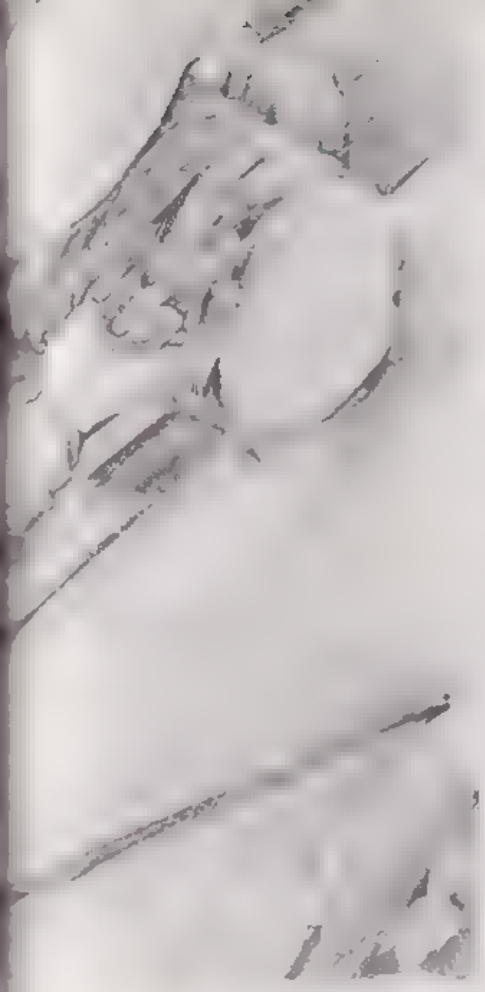
Without thinking, I got out of my car and climbed onto the back of the bike. After a brief hesitation, I put my arms around his taut waist, and immediately he took off down a winding path. When the front tire hit a rock, we almost lost our traction. My fingers tightened over his rippled stomach muscles and I leaned in closer. I could smell his maleness as I was jostled about against him.

I stiffened as he pulled to a halt in front of a small, weather-beaten shack and nodded for me to get off. I did so and turned back to look up at this man I had followed to the middle of nowhere. He was much taller than me, maybe six-feet-three or so. His threatening expression and powerful body would have intimidated anybody, but there was something so exciting about his attitude and about the whole scene that fear was not the strongest emotion I was feeling.

He pushed me into the shack and locked the door behind us. I stood there shivering with fear and—the stronger feeling—anticipation.

He grabbed a warm beer from the table, shook it, then walked over to me, opened the can, and let the foam spray over my face and run down my chest. He held the upturned can high above me and poured the rest of its contents onto my scalp, soaking my shirt and jeans.

He just stood there, enjoying my plight. Then he sneered and grabbed another beer, shook it, and again sprayed the foam



I was shaking as I stared into my rearview mirror at the outline of his long, thick cock and giant balls, and sweat trickled down my back as I stared at him waiting arrogantly for me to make the next move. He tugged at the piece of rawhide tied around his neck and spit toward a nearby cactus.

over me like warm piss. "Drink it, cocksucker," he said, grabbing my hair with one hand and forcing the bottle against my lips with the other.

He laughed when I gagged and coughed as he poured the beer into me, not giving me time to catch my breath

"I didn't hear you thank me for the beer, cocksucker," he said, grabbing the front of my shirt.

"Thank you for the beer," I stammered

His steely eyes looked through me "Thank you, *sir*," he demanded, ripping my shirt right off me.

"Thank you, *sir*," I answered quickly

He made short work of my jeans, and in a few seconds they were lying in shreds around at my ankles. He walked around me, enjoying my humiliation at being bare-ass naked in front of him

It was hot and stuffy in the shack, and beads of sweat poured from his armpits, his chest, his navel. He grasped my cock and balls in one of his big hands and, with the other, gripped my hair and forced my face into his stinking armpit. "Sniff 'em, cocksucker," he said, tugging on my genitals as he moved my head from one sweaty pit to the other "Now get down on your knees where you belong." He shoved me down and pressed my face into his swollen crotch I could feel the outline of his manhood against my cheek, could feel it throbbing through the tight leather pants

Suddenly he shoved me away with such force that I fell flat my back on the floor He spread his legs and straddled me, and I stared up at the wild animal standing over me. I gasped as he groped his huge basket I could see the head of his cock pressing against the smooth leather Slowly he opened the brass buckle, took off his belt, and skimmed it across my nipples and down my stomach, letting it come to rest on my crotch. He drew it back and snapped it in the air a few times. Finally he tossed it away, near my side. I breathed a sigh of relief

He reached inside his pants and freed his cock and balls. I stared in awe at the size of his equipment. Never in any college locker room had I beheld anything close to what I was looking at now. His dick was a good ten inches long, thick, veiny, and his balls were the size of lemons

He reached into his vest pocket and took out a condom, opened the package, placed the condom over his mushroom-shaped cockhead, and rolled it down his giant erection. I shivered as he stood over me now, his right boot pressing against my left pec, his rubberized cock flexing above his low-hangers

He removed his boot from my chest and took it off, then the other one, and threw them across the room He took off his pants, exposing his hairy legs and butt. He stood over me again, with his crotch right above my face, his public hair glistening with sweat. He knelt, clamped his knees over my forearms at my sides, and rested his balls on my chin

"Lick my nuts," he ordered. "Lick all over them nuts "

I raised my head and stuck out my tongue to taste his sweaty sac He raised up, teasing me, making me stretch for another taste

"Open your mouth and swallow those balls, boy." He lowered his crotch and I took his nuts between my lips "Choke on those balls, boy."

My cheeks puffed out as my mouth was filled with those cum-loaded balls. I moaned and squirmed as he pinched my nipples hard, sending shivers of pain and excitement down to my groin

Then he raised up and took his delicious balls away from me, and gripping his rubber-covered cock, he slapped my face with it "Eat cock," he barked, and forced his cockhead into my mouth.

I could feel the veins of his shaft through the rubber The taste and texture were an incredible turn-on, but as much as I wanted to, as hard as I tried, I could not take that monster rod of his all the way. I choked and gagged and choked and gagged

He stood up and glared down at me, then walked over to a table and grabbed a jar of lubricant.

"No! I can't!" I cried, knowing full well what he was getting ready for. "I've never done that before, and yours would kill me!" I tried to get up and run, but he pushed me to the floor again, face down He picked up his belt and stomped on my wrists

Slap! Pop! The wide leather ripped

He grasped my cock and balls in one of his big hands and, with the other, gripped my hair and forced my face into his stinking armpit. "Sniff 'em, cocksucker," he said, tugging on my genitals as he moved my head from one sweaty pit to the other. "Now get down on your knees where you belong."

across my buns

"Please, no!" I cried

Slap! Pop! Five more times the belt stung me, my pleas for him to stop having no effect on him

"Your ass is getting nice and red, cocksucker. Now, either I tan your hide until you're cryin' like a little baby, or else you tell me you're going to be a good cocksucker and behave."

I didn't answer. Once more my butt felt the lash, harder than ever. I screamed, "I'll be a good cocksucker!"

"*Sir!*" he demanded

"I'll be a good cocksucker, *sir!*" I yelled

He yanked me to my feet and shoved me backward onto the table, then grabbed one of my legs, forced my ass up in the air, and started circling round and round my asshole with the lubricant, finally spreading some inside me with his finger. I had never had anybody fool around with my ass before, and my sphincter tightened around his finger like a vise.

"You really *are* a virgin, aren't you? But, you're going to let me in like a good man. I know you are. You're going to let me in right *there*," he said, shoving his finger as far as it would go inside me.

With his other hand, he lubricated his cock, then pulled my butt to the edge of the table and, gripping both my ankles, raised my ass up in the air. His giant cockhead pressed against my virgin rosebud. I felt pain and panic as he stretched my hole wider and wider. Then he stopped.

"Fuck, you're tight," he said, then pressed another inch of himself into me. "Come on, mister, let me in there!" Another inch. And a fraction more. He was getting even more resistance than he'd anticipated. He slapped my buns several times. "I said, let me in there, cocksucker!"

"I can't," I grunted, then tried to push away from him.

In one quick move, he placed his hands under my back, lifted me off the table, and sent his cock full-length all the way into my virgin ass. I screamed. He laughed.

As he carried me back to the table, his cock buried deep inside me, the pain began to subside, and soon a warm glow took its place. My erection was coming back, and I was experiencing sensations like nothing I'd never known before.

"You're going to get fucked good, boy."

I did. His balls slapped against my ass as he rammed in and out of me—all the way in both directions, gripping my nipples like the reins of a horse. I went wild, out of control. "Oh, Jesus, I'm going to come!" I heard myself yell. "Jesus, Jesus, *Jesus!*"

"Come, cocksucker, *now!*"

He arched his back, rammed his weapon in to the hilt, and roared like a beast as his climax thundered through him—and into *me!* I could feel the rubber filling up with cum, and that swelling monster inside me pushed the last button and I erupted, fouling myself and the raging biker, who kept ramming, ramming, ramming.

Later, bare-ass in back of him on the bike again, I was driven back to my car.

He shoved me off and I fell to the ground. I stumbled to my feet, hobbled to the car, leaned against the door.

"You've been fucked," I heard him say from behind me.

I turned toward him. He smirked and spit, then revved up and roared away, leaving me choking in his dust.

I've been fucked, I echoed in my thoughts. I was too weary to say it out loud, even to myself. Too weary. Too satisfied.

Fucked. ■

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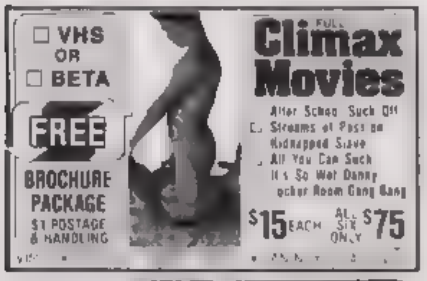

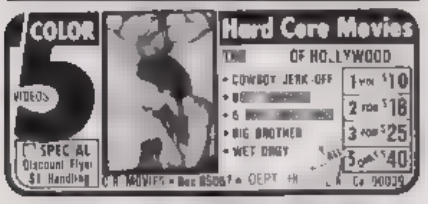

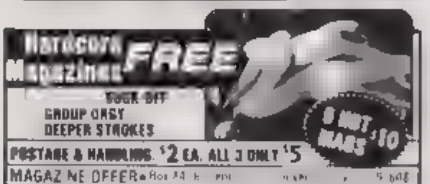

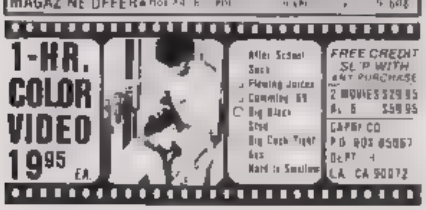

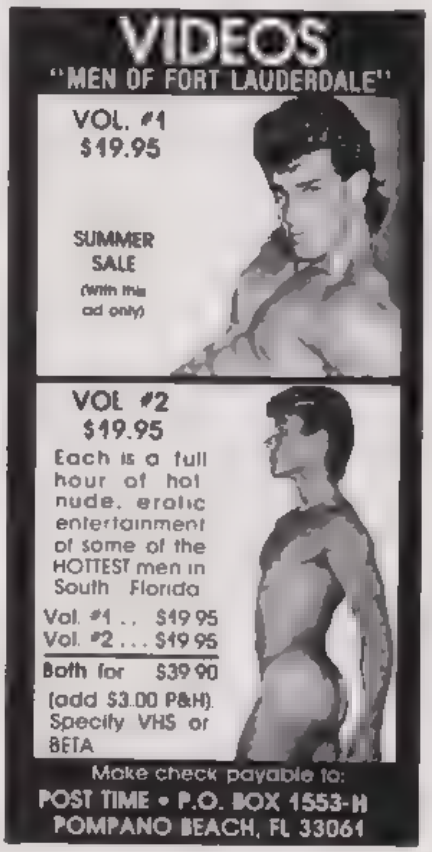

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aphed by
Cal Stephens

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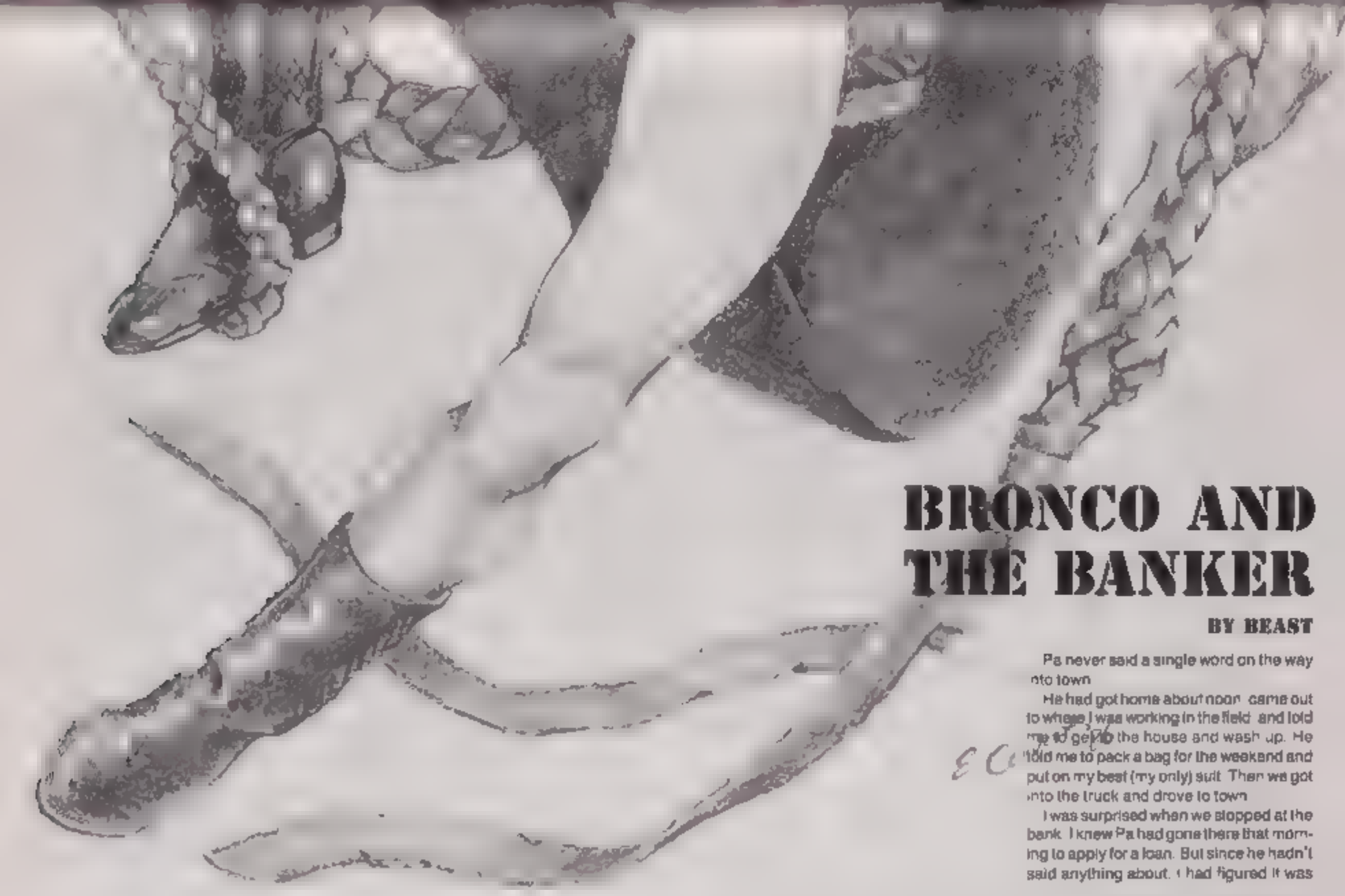
Gotta Hand It

He can do it, just let him show you how.

Gotta



BRONCO AND THE BANKER

BY BEAST

Pa never said a single word on the way into town.

He had got home about noon, came out to where I was working in the field, and told me to get to the house and wash up. He told me to pack a bag for the weekend and put on my best (my only) suit. Then we got into the truck and drove to town.

I was surprised when we stopped at the bank. I knew Pa had gone there that morning to apply for a loan. But since he hadn't said anything about it, I had figured it was

ART BY E. CERVONE

bad news

"Go on in, son. Go to Mr Walker's desk and do whatever he tells you to."

I went into the bank and walked directly to Mr Walker's desk. He stood up and shook my hand

"Bronco, good to see you again. Your father told me you'd be stopping by. I'll be finished shortly Have a seat."

Half an hour later we were in Mr Walker's car and heading out to his house Mr Walker was in his late thirties, on the small side, with dark hair and dark eyes. But for a rich man he was uncommonly friendly. It seemed to me he was always smiling Pa once said he seemed more like a car dealer than a banker

He asked me a few questions and urged me to talk about myself. By the time we got to his house, we were talking like we'd been best friends forever.

"Have you heard from your brother Matt lately?"

Matt was three and a half years older than I was Four years ago he had joined the Marines. That was when Pa had refinanced the loan on the farm. Every month we got a check from Matt to help make the payment. Then six months ago the checks stopped, and Matt's mail started being forwarded to the farm from the Marine base.

We didn't hear from Matt, not directly He contacted the Marines, but all they would tell us was that he had been discharged for medical reasons and that he had left our address for forwarding Ma was really worried about him, and Pa couldn't make the loan payments without his help

That's why Pa had gone to talk to Mr. Walker. We were three payments behind, and unless Mr Walker would refinance us again, we were soon going to lose the farm

"No, we haven't heard from him. Ma's worried sick, but Pa says he'll come back when he's good and ready and that if he needs some time to think things over—whatever those things are—that's his business."

"I think your Pa has the right idea. I'm sure you'll hear from Matt soon."

By that time we had arrived at Mr Walker's house. He had me start a fire in the grill by the swimming pool while he went into the house, returning a few minutes later with two of the biggest steaks I had ever seen

"So, how's your love life lately? Bet a good-looking young stud like you is getting all the pussy he can handle."

I blushed, not because of the question but because of what my answer would have to be if I told the truth. Here I was eighteen years old, a high school graduate, and I had never gone all the way with a girl. I considered lying, like I did with the guys on the football team, but somehow I was sure Mr Walker would spot any lie

"Furthest I ever got was last September. Peggy Sue Anderson said she'd give me a blow-job if I voted for her for cheerleader I said I would, so she did, and I did, and after she won she wouldn't go out with me anymore."

"Last girl you had was in September—and this is June? Your nuts must be about ready to explode! Or have you been getting your rocks off in some other way?"

I squirmed in my chair. This was worse than the dream I had every once in a while where I get to school and then find out I'm not wearing my pants.

"Well, I don't know what you'll think about this, but we have this dairy cow out on the farm, Bessy She's my 4-H project from a couple of years back. She didn't seem to mind, and it felt better than jerking off, so I've been doing that about once a week ever since Whew. I can't believe I just told you that "

"No problem I can't see that it's going to hurt you or Bessy, so what's the harm Ever do anything with a man?"

He had me lie on the ground with a pillow under my stomach and one leg bent. He massaged my neck and back and talked low and gentle to me. Then he put some grease on his hand and worked it into my rear end, and after he'd got it opened and well lubed, he slid his cock into me, nice and easy.

"I'm not really sure. The hired hand we had last year, Joe, caught me with Bessy once and threatened to tell Pa unless I did what he said. He made me jack off while he watched Then he wanted me to take off my overalls so he could do to me what I was doing to Bessy, but I got scared and ran to the house. The next morning Joe was gone, and I never saw him again. I guess he thought I might be the one to tell Pa what had happened. Does that count?"

"No, I guess not." He reached for his briefcase and pulled out two folders. "Bronco, let's get down to business. In one of these folders I have the paperwork to start foreclosure on your family's farm What that means is that if I sign these papers the bank will own the farm and your family will be out of a home by the end of the month In the other folder I have the paperwork for a new mortgage. If I sign that one, you're all caught up on your overdue payments, and the new payments will be much smaller. Small enough so that your Pa feels he can make them without Matt's help. I've put this off as long as I can; I have to start processing one or the other first thing Monday morning. Which one I sign depends on you "

Now I understood why Pa hadn't said

anything on the way to the bank I swallowed hard. "Pa said for me to do whatever you said to."

"That's good We won't have any problems then. But you look mighty uncomfortable in that coat and tie. Take them off why don't you. And the rest of your clothes too."

As I undressed, I trembled like a wild stallion that's been caught and corralled I've seen that lots of times The stallion looks at the man that's lassoed him, and somehow he knows that he's going to be tamed, bridled, and broken. That's the way it was with me as I looked over at Mr Walker watching me undress I knew this man half my size had me corralled, that sure as the world he was going to tame me, bridle me—and, for all I knew brand me, break me to saddle, and ride me There was nothing I could do. Pa had sold me just like he would a horse or a bull.

As I got naked, I took some comfort in the knowledge that at least I didn't have anything to be ashamed of I stand right at six feet tall, I'm blond, and my muscles are pretty well developed from farm chores and football. There was just a little bit of hair on my chest, but I was sure that in a few more years I'd have a healthy pelt just like Matt

Mr Walker looked me over like he was judging a bull at the state fair He walked all around me, felt the muscles in my arms and legs and rubbed his hand across my chest. Then he put his hand in a place that no one except me and Peggy Sue had ever touched before

When he cupped my balls in his palm, my pecker started to get excited, and soon it was standing up straight and tall. I got real nervous because the reason Peggy Sue wouldn't go out with me anymore was because I was deformed, she said, no normal human male could have one as big as mine.

Then Mr. Walker took his free hand and started stroking it. "Nice, very nice," he said. "Your folks sure knew what they were doing when they named you Bronco That's a piece of meat that a horse would be proud of."

I found out later that weekend that my cock was nine and three-quarters inches long from base to tip, and that Mr. Walker really meant it when he said I should be proud of it. But at the time I thought he was making fun of me.

He took off his clothes, then picked up a bottle of oil and poured some into his palm and rubbed it onto my hard-on. It felt so good I almost fainted.

"Now, Bronco, you don't have to be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you, and we're both going to enjoy this. To start off, remember what you told me you did with Bessy? How would you like to 'service' me that same way?"

He got down on all fours and guided my cock into his rear end. Once it was halfway in, I didn't need any more encouragement I had never dreamed anything could feel so good. His rear was tight and hot, and it felt a hundred times better than jacking off, servicing Bessy, and Peggy Sue's blowjob all put together By the time I got *all* the way in, you would have had to kill me to stop me. I was like a wild animal I just wanted more and more

As I pumped away, Mr Walker yelled, "Yeah, Bronco, shove that horse cock of yours up inside me! Come inside me, stud! Come on, stallion, breed me like a mare! Let me feel your prick pumping that cream of yours up my ass! Drain your balls into my guts!"

When I came, I thought sure I was dying, because I couldn't imagine anything this side of heaven being that spectacular Then Mr. Walker climaxed, and although I wouldn't have believed it possible, his rear end got even tighter and milked every last drop of my cream out of my prick

After we had cleaned up a little, we put the steaks on the grill and took a swim while they cooked. When they were ready, we gobbled them down, and Mr Walker was ready to go again

"Now we're going to trade places," he said. "This time I'm going to service *you*. I'll be gentle, and I won't hurt you. You felt real good while you were doing it to me. Now you can let me feel just as good "

He had me lie on the ground with a pillow under my stomach and one leg bent. He massaged my neck and back and talked low and gentle to me Then he put some grease on his hand and worked it into my rear end, and after he'd got it opened and well lubed, he slid his cock into me, nice and easy As he pumped my ass, he took hold of my cock with his greasy hand and started stroking it, till it was as hard as it had ever been Having a man inside me felt funny at first but not particularly painful, and after the first couple of minutes, there was no discomfort at all

Just as I had expected he would, Mr. Walker had broken me to saddle and was now riding me. What I hadn't expected was that I would enjoy it so much.

He wasn't as wild as I had been. He paced himself, holding back until I was good and hard and panting again, and he kept on stroking me until I was desperate to let loose with my second load. The second I came, he let loose and I could feel his cum filling me up as my cream spilled over his hand

"Bronco, that was fantastic! You have nothing to worry about. I'll refinance the loan. If you want to go home now, I'll take you, but I'd really like you to stay for a while "

"Pa's the one set this up. Let him worry for a while about whether or not it worked I think I'd enjoy staying here for a while. I *know* I would "

"How about spending the weekend? Or longer maybe. I could use somebody to take care of the yard, the pool, and the cars. I could offer you room, board, and a better salary than you're getting working on the farm "

"For myself, it sounds great, Mr. Walker But Pa can't take care of the farm by himself "

All of a sudden a voice from behind us piped up with, "I was thinking I'd take over that job again "

I turned and there was Matt standing in the doorway I forgot that I was naked, and that I had been sitting with a man's arms wrapped around me, and ran over to my brother and grabbed him in a bear hug "Matt! Where have you been? Why haven't we heard from you? When did you get back?"

"Easy, Bronco. It's a long story and we'll have plenty of time to go over it For now, just leave it that I'm back, and ready to help Pa work the farm while my younger brother explores the world for a while."

"You really mean it? You're coming back to the farm?"

"We have to take care of it. It's ours too, you know."

"He means because your name is on the deed," Mr Walker explained. "The last time I made changes in the mortgage it was on the condition that your father sign a share over to Matt. This time I made him do the same for you. We'll work something out for your two younger brothers in a few years

My head was swimming from the changes I'd gone through in only one day That morning I'd been an unpaid field hand, a virgin farmboy, and by evening I was a landowner, I had a job that was going to pay cash, I was living in a finer house than I ever could have imagined, and I'd had sex with a man and was looking forward to a lot more where that came from.

I put one arm around Matt, the other around Mr Walker, and hugged them both to me. "Ya know, life can be strange, and it can be uncomfortable, but thank God it's always interesting!" ■

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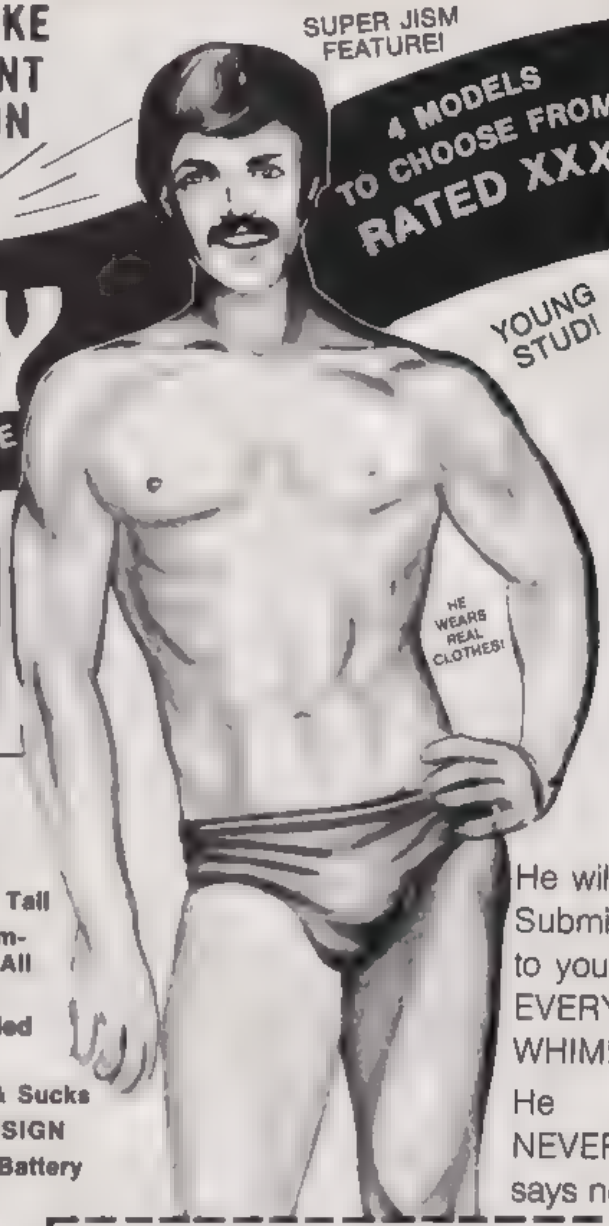

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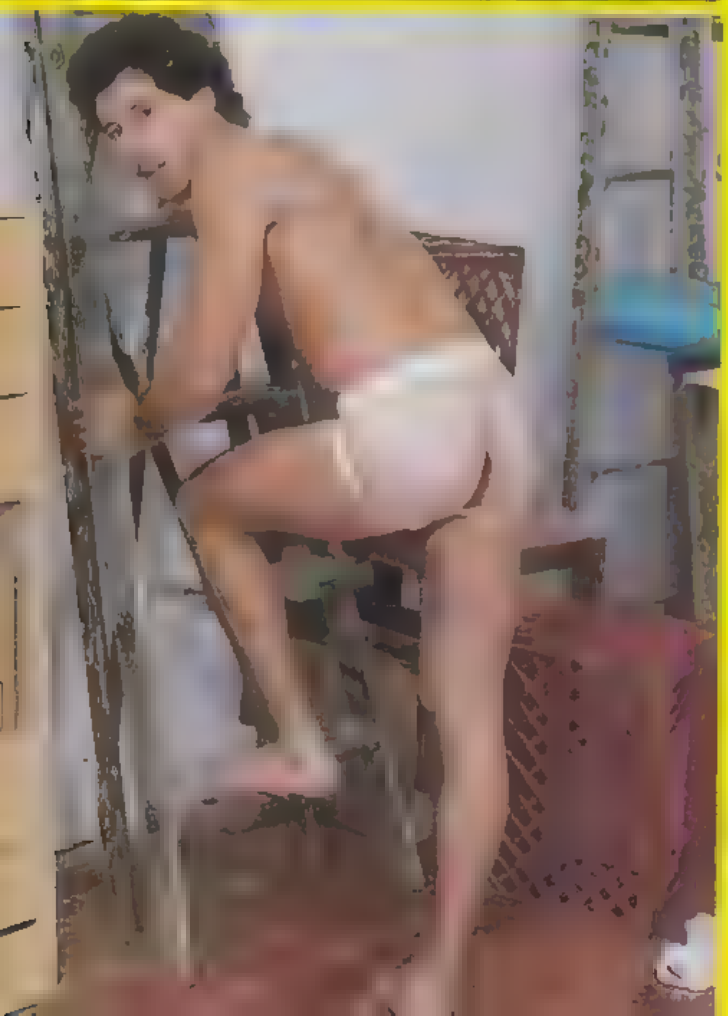
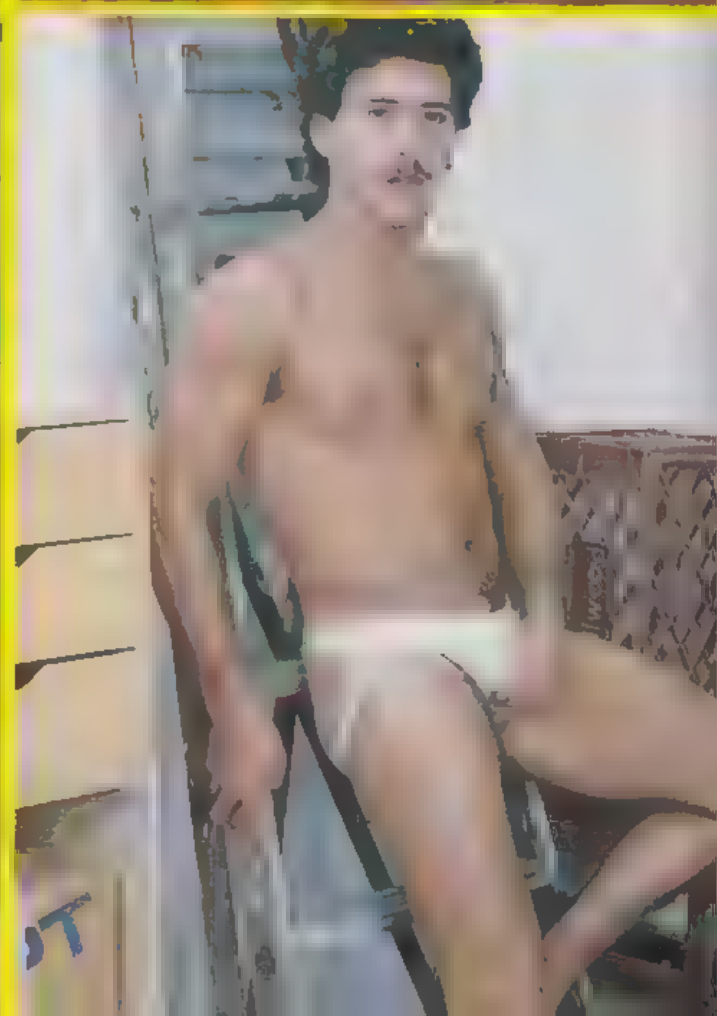

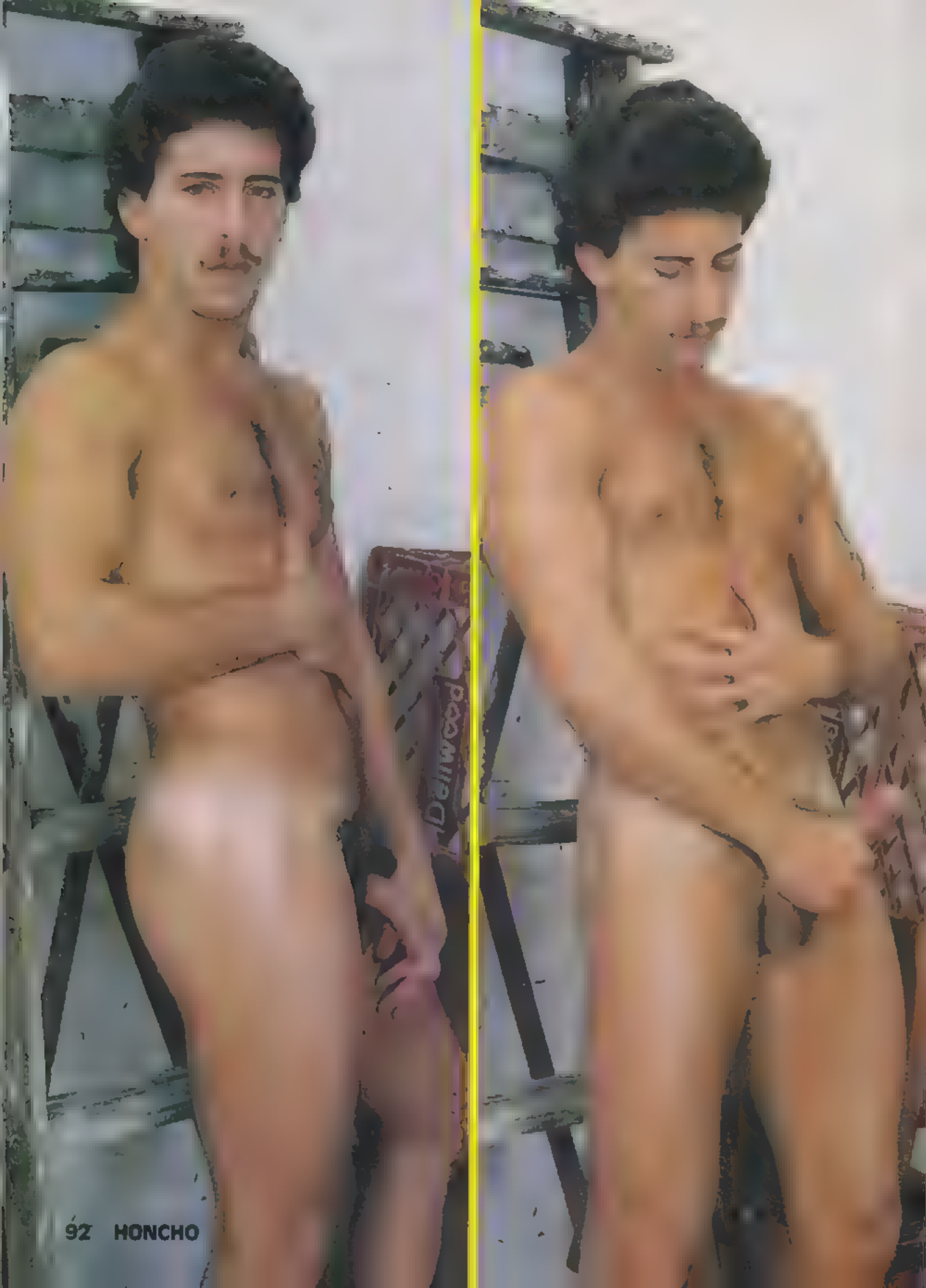
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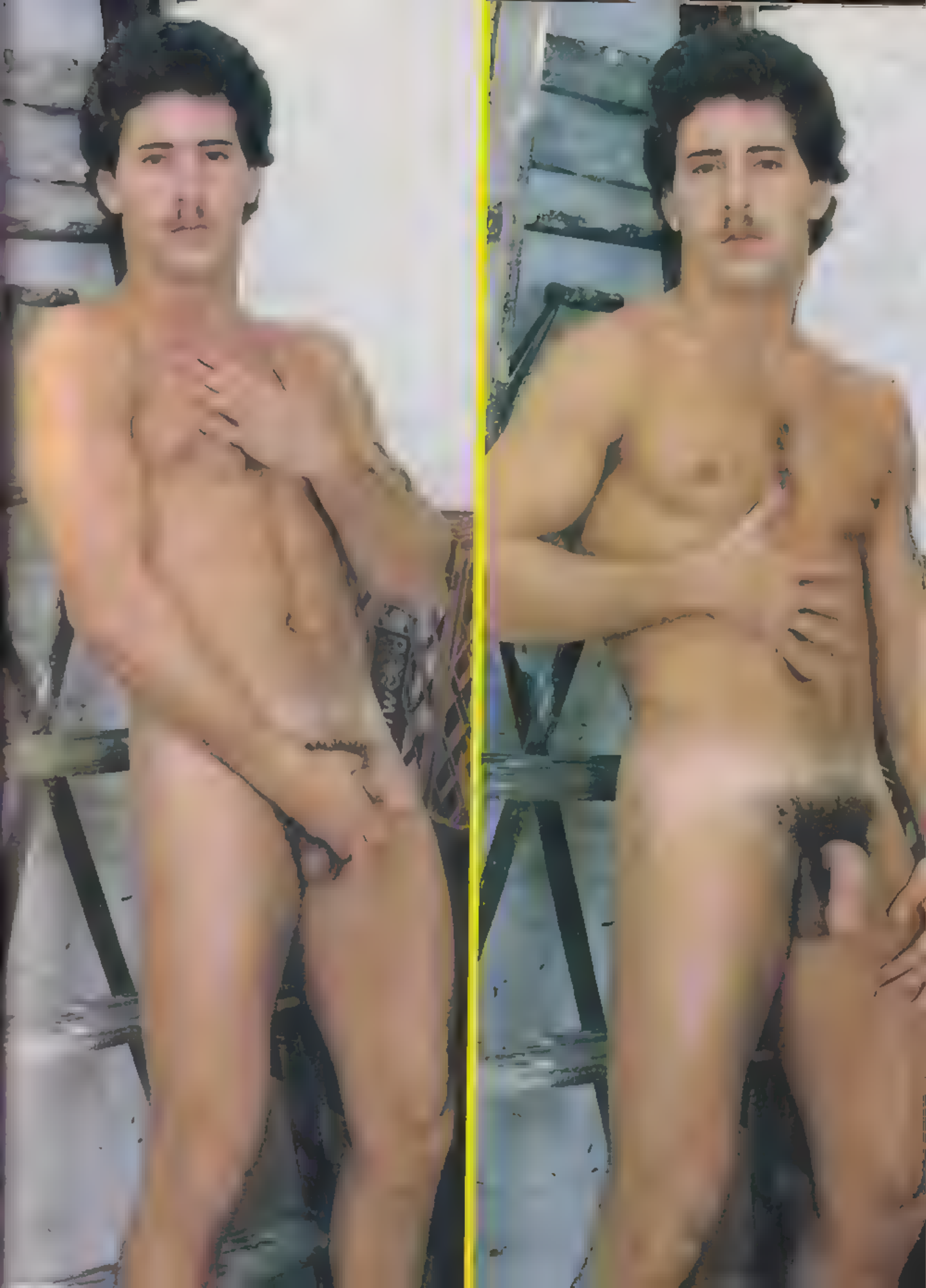

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